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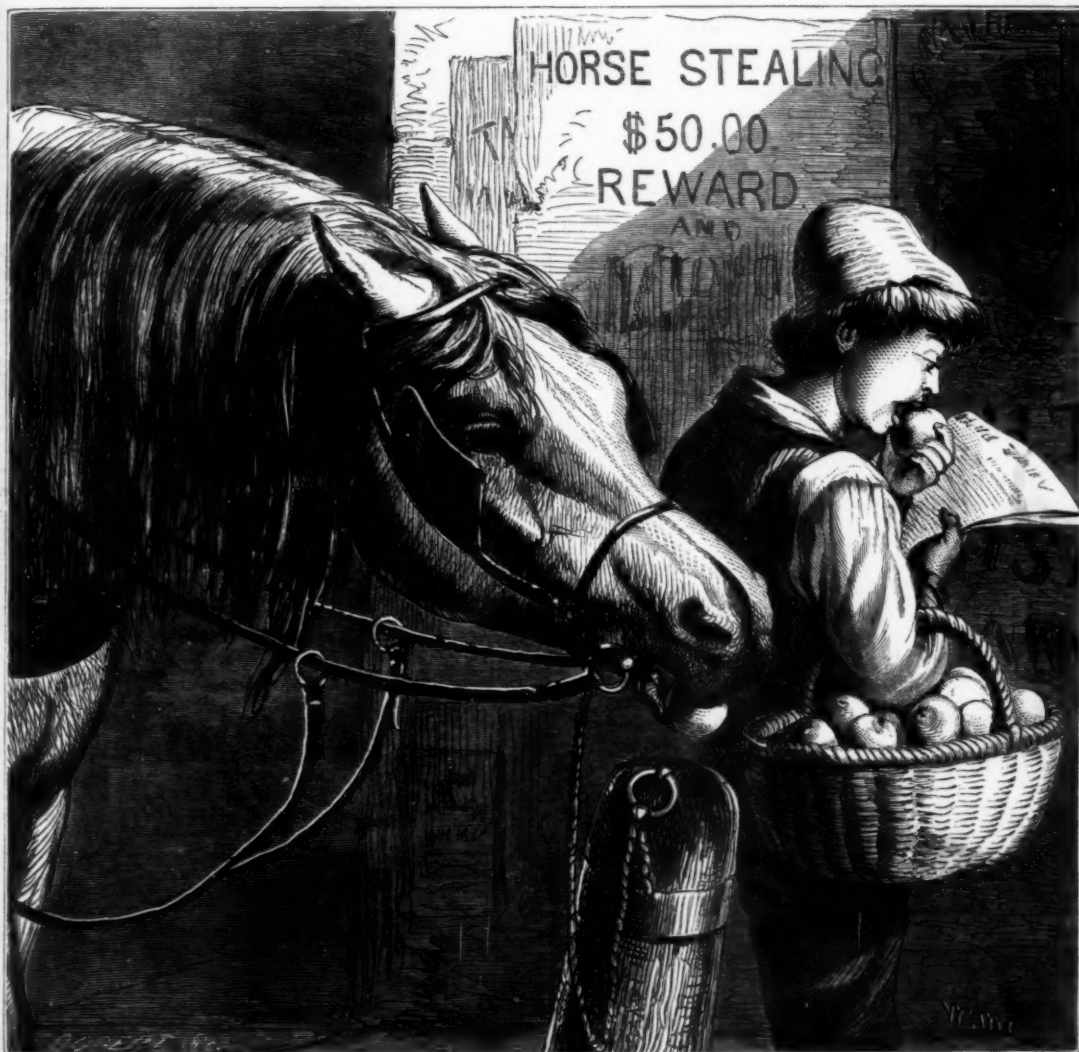
LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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A SLY BITE.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

ON a beautiful summer morning in the year 1846, the diligence, as usual, rolled rapidly over the well-macadamized road from Antwerp to Turnhout.

Suddenly the postilion stopped before a modest inn, and there descended a single traveller, whose entire luggage consisted of a leather bag he carried slung over one shoulder. He entered the public-room of the inn, seated himself at a table, and ordered a mug of beer.

He was unusually tall, and seemed to be about fifty years of age, but would, certainly, have been taken for considerably older, as he was very gray, and his face deeply lined, had it not been for the elasticity of his step, his animated look, and his almost youthful smile. His bearing was proud, manly, and commanding.

His costume betokened him to be a well-to-do man of the middle classes, and would, probably, have attracted no attention if his coat had not been buttoned up to the chin—a peculiarity which, together with his large meerschaum pipe, might have led one to suspect he was either a military man or a German.

The inmates of the house, after serving him with what he demanded, seemed to give him no further thought, although his eyes followed each one with a certain wistful expression that appeared to say: "Do you not know me, then? not one of you?"

Suddenly the striking of a clock greeted his ear. The sound seemed to affect him unpleasantly, for an expression of pain flitted across his features. He arose, approached the clock, and looked at it, apparently lost in thought, until it had finished striking nine.

The landlady, observing something peculiar in his manner, also approached the time-piece and looked at it, as though she would discover what attracted the stranger.

"The bell has a good, clear ring, has it not, mynheer?" she asked. "Such a clock as that is not seen every day. For twenty years it has gone just as you see it going now, and it has not been in the hands of a clock-maker during all that time."

"Twenty years!" sighed the traveller. "And where is the clock that hung here formerly? And what has become of the image of the Virgin that stood on the mantel? Gone, destroyed, forgotten, perhaps?"

The old lady looked at the stranger astonished, and replied:

"Our Anna broke the image of the Virgin, playing with it when she was a child. As for the old clock, it stands in the next room. It is always too slow. You will hear it strike directly."

At that moment a peculiar sound was heard, that was evidently intended to be an imitation of the cry, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" An expression of delight illuminated the stranger's features, and, accompanied by the landlady, he went into the adjoining room to see the old clock finish its song.

In the mean time the two daughters of the landlady approached the stranger, and fixed their big, blue eyes inquiringly on him.

He took them by the hand, and said:

"My manner seems very strange to you, does it not? You cannot understand why the voice of the old cuckoo should affect me so deeply. Ah! I, too, was once a child; then my father came here on Sundays after the service, to drink his mug of beer. There I stood and waited till the cuckoo opened its little door; and I jumped and danced at its cry, and in my childish ignorance I thought it a wonderful work of art. And the image of the Virgin, that one of you destroyed, I loved, because it had such a beautiful blue mantle, and because the child reached out its little hands, toward me and smiled. The child of those days is now nearly sixty years old; his hair is gray and his face deeply furrowed. Four-and-thirty years, I have lived in the wilds of Russia, and yet I remember the image that used to sit on the mantel, and the old 'cuckoo,' as though it were but yesterday I saw them last."

"Are you, then, a native of our village?" asked Anna.

"Ah, yes!" answered the stranger, in a joyous tone; but his reply did not produce the effect he anticipated. The girls only smiled, and seemed neither astonished nor rejoiced.

"But where is the old landlord, Joostens?" he asked.

"Jan, you mean," replied the landlady. "He has been dead these five-and-twenty years."

"And his wife, the good Peeternelle?"

"Also dead," was the reply.

"Dead! dead!" sighed the stranger. "And the young shepherd, Andries, who could make such pretty baskets?"

"Dead, also," replied the landlady.

The traveller let his head sink upon his breast, and fell into a sorrowful reverie. In the mean time the mother went out to the corn-house and told her husband of their strange guest.

The landlord entered the room with a heavy, sluggish step, and awakened the traveller out of his reverie with the noise of his wooden shoes. The latter arose and with outstretched arms hurried toward the landlord, who took his hand coldly and looked at him with an indifferent air.

"And you, too, Peer Joostens, you do not recognize me?" cried the stranger.

"No, I do not know that I have ever seen mynheer before," replied the landlord.

"Have you forgotten who dived under the ice at the risk of his own life, to rescue you from drowning?"

"My parents often spoke of the time when I was near being drowned, but it was long Jan that got me out of the hole in the ice, and in the French times he was forced to go with the others into Napoleon's army. Who knows where he was buried, if he was ever buried at all? But, whether he was or was not, he was a noble fellow, and peace be to his soul!"

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the stranger, "now you know me! I am long Jan, or rather Jan Slaets." And, as he did not get an immediate reply, he continued: "Do you not remember the young sharpshooter, who was the best shot in all the country round, and who was envied by all the fellows, because he was so much liked by the girls? I am he, Jan Slaets of the Dries farm."

"Is it possible?" asked the landlord, incredulously; "but you must not take it amiss, mynheer, if I do not know you for all that."

Discouraged by the landlord's apparent determination not to recognize him, the traveller made no further effort to recall himself to his recollection.

"In the village there are surely many of my old friends, who will not have forgotten me," said he, more calmly, as he rose and prepared to go. "You, Peer Joostens, were too young to remember me; but the potter's son, Pauwel, I am sure, will receive me as a brother. He will not have forgotten me. Do they still live at the Moor?"

"Oh, there has been no pottery there for many years; it was burned down long, long ago."

"And what has become of Pauwel?"

"The whole family moved away after their misfortune. Pauwel is dead, very likely. But, mynheer, you speak of the times of our grandfathers. You will hardly find anybody about the village now that can answer all your questions, unless it is our old grave-digger. He can tell you all about all the people that have lived about here for a hundred years past and longer."

"Very likely, for Peer Jan must now be more than ninety years old."

"Peer Jan? Our grave-digger's name is Lauw Stevens."

"Thank Heaven," cried the stranger, joyously, "that it has spared at least one of my comrades!"

"Was Lauw, then, one of your friends, mynheer?"

"My friend," replied the traveller, shaking his head, "I cannot say that exactly, as we were always quarrelling; a love-affair was the cause—I remember throwing him over the bridge once into the water when he came near being drowned; but that is now near forty years ago. Lauw will be rejoiced to see me again, I am sure."

He paid his reckoning, and, taking up his travelling-bag, bade the landlord good-morning, saying that he hoped to be his guest very often in the future.

He walked on, silent and sad, absorbed in recollections of his early years, until he reached a little bridge that spanned a rivulet which flowed through the outskirts of the village, when suddenly an indescribable, almost youthful smile for a moment dispelled the sadness of his mien.

"Here, for the first time, I pressed Rosa's hand," said he, in a tone full of feeling. "Here, for the first time, our eyes made that confession that melts the heart and embraces the paradise of youth. Then, as now, the yellow iris reflected the rays of the summer's sun, and the larks sang as merrily in yonder meadow as they sing to-day."

"Ah!" he murmured, as he passed on, "the birds that witnessed the plighting of our troth are dead, and their children salute the old

man, who returns like an apparition of another age. And Rosa! the lovely Rosa! Does she still live? Perhaps! If she does, she is married, doubtless, and has children, grandchildren, perhaps," and a faint but bitter smile played about his lips.

"Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "a feeling akin to jealousy possesses thy bosom, as though it were still the spring-time of thy heart. The years of love for thee are long since past; but it does not matter! If she only recognizes me, and still remembers the happy days when we were all the world to each other, then I shall not regret my long journey, but, consoled and content, I will go to my grave, beside those of my parents and early friends."

A little farther on, he came to a pot-house. He entered, and ordered a glass of beer. Before the woman returned from the cellar, he recognized an old man, who sat near the door, as motionless as a statue, his eye fixed on the ground. The traveller hastily moved his chair near the old man's, and, seizing his hand, said:

"Thank Heaven that you have been allowed to live so long, Baas Joris! Do you not know me? No! the wild boy who used to crawl through your garden-hedge and carry off your apples before they were ripe?"

"Ninety-six," murmured the old man, without changing his position. "Ay, truly, you are very old," sighed Slaets. "But, tell me, Baas Joris, is the wagon-maker's Rosa still living?"

"Ninety-six!" repeated the old man, in a louder tone.

At this moment the woman came with the beer.

"He is blind and deaf, mynheer," said she to the traveller. "It is useless to speak to him; he cannot hear you."

"Blind and deaf!" repeated Slaets, in despair.

"You asked after the wagon-maker's Rosa," said the woman. "Our wagon-maker has five daughters, but there is no Rosa among them. The eldest is called Beth; the second, Gonde; the third, Annaken; and the—"

"That is not the family at all," interrupted Slaets, impatiently; "I mean the family of Kob Meulinks."

"Oh, they are all long since dead, mynheer!" was the reply.

This intelligence went like a dagger to the heart of the poor traveller. He paid for his beer, and left the house in feverish haste, murmuring:

"O God, she, too! My poor Rosa dead, too! Forever and ever this inevitable dead, dead! Is there, then, no one left who will extend to me the hand of recognition—no one who will welcome me back?"

With a heavy heart and unsteady step he entered the village. On his way he passed through the burying-ground; arrived at a cross, near the middle of the cemetery, he stopped.

"Here it was," he whispered—"here, before this image of the Saviour, that Rosa gave me her word to remain true and to await my return. We were overcome with grief. On this bench fell our tears. It seemed as though her heart would break when I hung around her neck the little golden cross, my last pledge of love and fidelity. Poor Rosa! perhaps I stand now upon thy grave!"

Absorbed in these mournful recollections, he sat down on the bench before him. As he looked about at the graves, old and new, he thought: "And my father and mother doubtless sleep in two of these, but who shall tell me which they are?"

So for a long time he sat sorrowing over many a bright dream, that he now saw was never to be realized, until he was aroused from his mournful reverie by approaching footsteps.

Along the wall of the church-yard came the old grave-digger, his spade on his shoulder. He bore the unmistakable signs of age and poverty, and his shoulders were much bent by a life of labor. His hair was white, and his face deeply furrowed; there was, however, still something in his aspect that denoted strength and force of character.

The traveller knew Lauw, his rival, at a glance, and his first impulse was to hurry toward him; but the bitter disappointment he had met with deterred him, and he decided to wait and see if Lauw would recognize him.

The grave-digger approached within a few steps, and, after looking at the stranger intently for a few moments, he began to mark with his shovel the outlines of a new grave. And as he worked on, and now and then cast a side-glance at the man who sat before him on the bench, his little gray eyes seemed to sparkle with a kind of malicious joy.

The traveller, deceived in the expression of the grave-digger's face, was overjoyed with the thought that Lauw would come to him and call him by name. Instead of which, however, the grave-digger, after scrutinizing him more closely, took from the pocket of his ragged vest a dirty old memorandum-book, and, turning away, seemed to write something in it.

This proceeding, together with the triumphant expression of the grave-digger's face, so surprised the traveller that he arose, and, approaching him, asked:

"What do you write in your little book?"

"That is my business," answered Lauw Stevens. "You have stood for many a long year on my list; I at last make a cross opposite your name."

"Then you recognize me?" cried the traveller, joyously.

"Recognize you?" replied the grave-digger, "that I know not; but I remember, as though it were but yesterday, that a wicked, envious fellow once threw me over the bridge yonder into the water, because the wagon-maker's daughter Rosa loved me. Since then, it's true, many summers and winters have passed, but—"

"Rosa loved you!" interrupted the stranger. "It is not true; she never loved you."

"Ah, you know very well she did. Didn't she wear the silver ring I brought her from Scherbenhevel for a whole year? And was it not you that took it from her, and threw it in the water?"

"Lauw, Lauw!" cried the traveller, smiling sadly, "we are children again in our recollection. Believe me, Rosa did not love you, as you supposed; it was only friendship that prompted her to take the ring. In my youth I was rough and unreasonable, and not always generous toward my comrades; but shall these five-and-thirty years, that have spared neither men nor things, not have cooled our wicked passions? Ah, Lauw, shall the only one who has not forgotten me be my enemy? Come, give me your hand; let us be friends; I will be yours to some purpose for the remainder of your life."

The grave-digger drew back his hand, and said, in a sullen tone:

"Forget! I forget you? It is too late—too late! It was you that destroyed my happiness in this life. Not a day has passed that I have not thought of you; and, think you, I have thought of you to bless you?"

Clasping his hands, and turning his eyes toward heaven, the traveller cried, in his despair:

"O God! does, then, hatred alone remember me?"

"You have done well," said the grave-digger, laughing exultantly, "in returning to sleep beside your forefathers. I have saved a good grave for you; I will put the proud 'Long Jan' under the eaves of the church yonder. There the rain will perhaps wash his body clean of its wickedness and malice."

For a moment the traveller was indignant, but his anger quickly gave place to a feeling of despondency and compassion.

"You refuse," said he, "to take the hand of one of the comrades of your youth who returns to his native village after an absence of more than thirty-five years. Oh, Lauw, is this noble or right? But, be it so. You certainly will not refuse to tell me where my parents are buried."

"I don't know," grumbled the grave-digger. "They have been dead for more than a quarter of a century, and since then I have three times dug a new grave on the same spot where they were buried."

In these words there was something terribly painful for Slaets; he fixed his eyes on the ground, and seemed a prey to the deepest despair.

The grave-digger resumed his work, but with a certain inertness, as though he, too, had suddenly become thoughtful. The malicious smile gave place to an expression of compassion when he saw how deeply he had wounded the heart of his comrade. He approached him slowly, took his hand, and in a tone low, but full of feeling, said:

"Jan, my old friend, forgive me for what I have said. I have spoken wickedly; but, Jan, you can never know what you have caused me to suffer."

"Lauw," cried Slaets, grasping the grave-digger's hand, "those were the errors of our youth. And see how little I remember our old enmity. It gave me indescribable joy only to hear you call me by name, and I am very grateful to you for not forgetting me, although you have nearly broken my heart with your cruel mockery."

And now, Lauw, tell me where Rosa lies buried. It will rejoice her in heaven to see us forget all our early rivalries and differences beside her last resting-place."

"Rosa buried!" exclaimed the old grave-digger. "Would to Heaven she were buried, poor thing!"

"What! What do you say?" cried Slaets. "Does Rosa still live?"

"Yes, she still lives," was the reply; "if one can be said to live who has experienced her sad lot."

"Her sad lot! What do you mean? What misfortune has befallen her?"

"She is blind."

"Blind! Rosa blind!"

And, overcome with grief, Slaets staggered back to the bench, and sank down upon it.

"She has been blind for these five years," continued the grave-digger, "and more, she begs for her daily bread. I give her every week two stivers, and when we bake there is always a little loaf for her in the oven."

Slaets sprang to his feet, and, grasping the grave-digger's hand, cried:

"Thanks, thanks, Lauw! Heaven will bless you for your kindness to her. But you shall be rewarded in this life, for I am rich, very rich. And now tell me where Rosa is, where she lives; I will go to her immediately. Every moment's delay is a moment of misery for us both."

"You see yonder, on the side of the hill, a little cabin," said the grave-digger, pointing to a hill in the outskirts of the village; "she lives there with the broom-maker, Nelis Oems."

Without a moment's delay, Slaets started off in the direction indicated, and soon reached the modest but tidy abode of the broom-maker.

About the door played four small children in the sun. They were barefooted, and not more than half-clothed. The eldest, a boy six or seven years old, gazed at the stranger with a certain intentness that partook as much of wonder as of boldness, while his three little sisters looked at him timidly, and sought to avoid observation.

Slaets said a kind word or two to the children, and immediately entered the cabin, where he found the broom-maker busily employed in one corner, while his wife was occupied in spinning.

The entrance of a stranger did not seem to surprise them. They evidently thought he wanted to inquire his way, and the man arose and was about to go to the door and point it out to him, when Slaets, in a tone that betrayed his agitation and impatience, asked: "Does not Rosa Meulincx live here?"

"Yes, mynheer," answered the broom-maker, after a moment's hesitation, in which he exchanged a look of astonishment with his wife; "Rosa lives here, but she went out begging about an hour ago. Do you wish to see her?"

"See her? Yes," replied Slaets, impatiently. "Can she not be found immediately?"

"That would not be so easy, mynheer. She has gone with our Trientje to make her weekly round; but she is sure to be back in about an hour."

"Will you allow me to wait here for her?" asked Slaets.

"Certainly, mynheer!" replied the broom-maker, placing a chair near the door for the stranger, who was hardly seated when he felt a little hand laid softly on his. He looked round. There stood the little boy he had seen before the door, looking up at him with his big blue eyes as though he were an old acquaintance.

"Come here, Peerken!" cried the mother, "you must not be so bold, my child."

Peerken, however, paid no attention to this admonition, but continued to look up into the face of the stranger, and to stroke his hand.

"You are a fine little fellow," said Slaets, "and what beautiful blue eyes you have! You shall have something, sir, for being so good."

So saying, he gave some small coins to the boy, who looked at them with wonder and delight, but he did not let go of the stranger's hand.

"Peerken," said the mother, "why don't you thank mynheer, and kiss his hand?"

The boy kissed Slaets's hand, and then, peering up into his face, said in a clear voice: "I thank you very much, Mynheer Jan!"

An earthquake would hardly have surprised Slaets more than the

pronouncing of his name by this innocent child. Tears, in spite of him, came into his eyes. He took the boy on his lap, and, looking him full in the face, as though he would assure himself of the reality of what he heard, exclaimed: "What! do you know me—me, whom you never have seen before? Who taught you my name?"

"Blind Rosa," answered the child.

"But how is it possible that you should recognize me?"

"Ah! I knew it was you, right off," said Peerken. "When I go out to beg with Rosa, she always talks about you, and says that you are so tall, and have such black, sharp eyes, and that you would come back some day and bring us all a great many nice things. And I am not afraid, for Rosa said you would like me, and bring me a big bow and arrow."

Slaets pressed the child to his bosom, and kissed him tenderly; then, turning to the parents, he said:

"Your little Peerken here shall be rich. His support and education shall be my care. By recognizing me he has made his fortune."

The parents were overcome with astonishment and joy. The man finally stammered: "Ah, you are too good. We thought it was you, but we were not quite sure. Rosa did not tell us that you were a rich mynheer."

"And you knew me, too?" cried Slaets. "I am, then, among friends; I, at last, find some one who welcomes me—here, where, till now, I have been met by nothing but death and forgetfulness—"

"Every Saturday evening," said the woman, "Rosa burns a taper for the return or—for the soul of Jan Slaets."

Slaets raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "God be thanked that He has made love stronger even than hatred. My enemy remembered me only to curse me; but Rosa—she lived in her recollection, beautifying all around her with her love, preserving my remembrance, and making it beloved."

When Slaets had in a measure regained his composure, he turned to the woman and asked if Rosa had lived with them long.

"I will tell you, mynheer," said the broom-maker's wife, "how that came about. You must know that, when the old wagon-maker died and the children divided his little property, Rosa—she could never be induced to marry, you can imagine why—well, Rosa gave her share to her brother, on condition that he would give her a home for the rest of her life. Now, more than ever, she gave herself up to nursing the sick and helping the poor; and so when, after we had been married about a year, my husband fell sick, and was not able to work for a long time, Rosa did every thing for us she could; and, but for her, I am sure he would have died."

"You ought to be, and doubtless are, very grateful to her," said Slaets.

"Ay, that we are, mynheer, that we are!" replied the broom-maker.

"Well, a few months later," continued the woman, "Heaven sent us the little boy you have on your lap—Rosa wanted to be the child's godmother, and Peer, my husband's brother, was to be godfather. Well, Rosa wanted the child called Joannes, but the godfather insisted it should be called Petrus, after him. So, after a long discussion, the child was baptized Joannes Petrus. We call him always Peerken, because his uncle would be angry if we called him by his other name; but Rosa always calls him Janneken, and the child knows he is called so, because it is your name, mynheer."

Slaets pressed the boy Peerken to his bosom with all the tenderness of a parent, while the woman continued:

"Rosa's brother had entered into some speculation with a man in Antwerp, and thought he was going to make a fortune; but, instead of that, he lost all he had, and more too; and then, poor man, he died soon afterward of grief. Rosa then went to live with the Flink family there on the corner. She had not been there long when young Flink came home on leave of absence—he was a soldier—with a bad disease of the eyes. In nursing him, Rosa caught the same disorder; and, in two weeks, she was blind. Then we asked her to come and live with us—"

"But she begs," said Slaets.

"Yes; but, mynheer, that is not our fault," replied the woman, in a tone that showed her pride was touched. "You must not think we have forgotten what Rosa did for us. For more than six months we prevented it; but, as our family increased very fast, she was afraid she was a burden to us when she wanted to be of assistance, so beg she would; and, finally, we were compelled to let her. She forces us

sometimes to accept a portion of what is given her—we cannot always be contending with her—but we return it all twofold; for, although she does not know it, she is better dressed than we are, and has better food; there is always an extra dish for her at dinner. See, there it is now before the fire."

Having finished her narrative, and seeing that mynheer was absorbed in reflection, the woman resumed her spinning. After maintaining a strict silence for some moments, Slaets suddenly put the child on the ground, and, turning to the broom-maker, said in a peremptory tone:

"Put away your work!"

The broom-maker was startled at this commanding tone, and arose, unable to make any reply.

"Away with your work, I say, and give me your hand, Farmer Nelis."

"Farmer?" murmured the broom-maker, still more astonished.

"Come, come!" cried Slaets; "throw your broom-corn out of doors, or into the fire, if you like; I will give you a hide of land, some cows and horses, and whatever else is necessary to a complete establishment. Do you not believe me?" he continued, showing the bewildered broom-maker a handful of gold. "I could give you this money, but I esteem you too highly to offer you money. I will make you the possessor of a farm; and, as for your children, I will be their benefactor even after my death."

The good people looked at each other with tears in their eyes, and seemed to doubt their senses. As Slaets was about to repeat his promises, Peerken grasped his hand as though he had something to say to him.

"What is it, my child?" he asked.

"Mynheer Jan," replied the boy, "see, the people are coming in from the fields. I know where I can find Rosa now. Shall I go and meet her, and tell her you have come?"

Slaets seized the child's hand, saying: "Come, come, lead me to her!"

The child led the way hastily toward the middle of the village. As they passed along, the people came out of their houses, or stopped in the road to gaze at them, as though they saw something wonderful. The villagers could not understand what the rich gentleman, who seemed to them to be a baron, at least, could have in common with the broom-maker's Peerken. And still greater was their astonishment when they saw the stranger stoop and kiss the child. The only solution that any of them suggested to the mystery was, that the rich gentleman had bought the boy of his parents in order to adopt him as his own. This was something that occasionally occurred in the neighborhood, and was more likely to occur in Peerken's case than in that of most poor children; for, with his big blue eyes and profusion of blond curls, he was, undoubtedly, the handsomest little boy in the village.

In the mean time, Slaets, led by Peerken, walked on. The whole village appeared to him in rose-colored light; the foliage of the trees in a peculiarly brilliant green; the air to be laden with sweet odors, and the birds to sing in clearer tones than he had ever heard them before.

Suddenly Peerken pulled him vigorously by the hand, and cried at the top of his voice:

"See, see! yonder comes Rosa with our Trientje!"

At that moment there emerged from a cross-street, some two hundred yards distant, an old, blind woman, led by a little girl five or six years of age.

Instead of hurrying forward, Slaets involuntarily paused to contemplate the melancholy picture before him. Was this, indeed, his Rosa? Was this the beautiful, fresh, joyous young girl whose image had so long been engraved in his heart?

These reflections were only momentary; he quickly hurried forward to meet the friend of his youth. When he had arrived within, perhaps, twenty yards of her, he could contain himself no longer, but cried out, "Rosa! Rosa!"

At the sound of Slaets's voice the blind woman withdrew her hand from that of her little guide, and, trembling with sudden emotion, she stretched out her arms, exclaiming: "Jan! O Jan!" Then hastily drawing forth something from her bosom, and breaking the band on which it was suspended around her neck, she hurried toward Slaets, holding up a little golden cross; and he, unmindful of the curious villagers who gathered around, received her tenderly in his manly arms.

"O Jan! O Jan! at last, at last!" she exclaimed, and sank upon his generous breast; while Peerken danced and clapped his hands, and cried: "It is 'Long Jan' come back again! It is Mynheer 'Long Jan!'"

BIANCA.

A TALE OF FLORENCE.

IN an old street of Florence—on the right,
Where a dark shadow bars the sunshine bright,
Cast by the dome and tower that proudly rise
O'er the cathedral to the summer skies—
There stands a mighty mansion, dark and dim;
Blackened by age and smoke, war-worn and grim;
With here and there across its sculptures seen
Old scars of strife 'twixt Guelph and Ghibelline.
Mounting the stairway, on the right-hand side,
You'll see a panelled picture, shown with pride
To curious strangers. Note it well; for there
Lurks the dark record of a life's despair.
The tale of vengeance and of hatred strong,
Outlasting years of suffering and wrong,
Reads like some story written long ago
In the rare pages of Boccaccio.
A lovely lady—rich in perfect grace
And poetry of beauty! Such a face
As poets dream of, or as artists paint
For fair Madonna, or for heavenly saint.
Supremely lovely, with a smile she stands
Holding a gold curl in her fair white hands,
While o'er her snowy shoulders, streaming down,
Falls the rich radiance of her beauty's crown.
Her ruby lips, disparted, seem possessed
By the light meaning of some merry jest;
Or smiling archly, half-disclosed, to show
The pearly whiteness of the teeth below.
But near her, on the canvas, shadowy, vast,
Frowns a dark phantom from the haunted past
Behind a lifted curtain, dusky red—
The Hebrew maid with Holofernes' head.
Such is Bianca's picture. She alone
Was queen of beauty. To her regal throne
Princes and nobles from all nations came,
Lured by the splendor of her beauty's fame.
But she would none of them; her spirit free
Gave them with grace, and queenly courtesy,
Her heart's denial; for she loved alone
The fairest youth that Florence called her own—
The young Lorenzo—and the happy pair
Dwelt in a realm of fancy, light as air,
With love's rich crown that crowned her beauty's blaze,
Mid all the music of their golden days.
And thus they lived, until the time drew nigh
When, mid the pride and pomp of pageantry,
The twain were to be wed; all Florence rung
With fame of this fond pair, so sweet and young.
But a wild whisper reached Bianca's ear,
That he whom in her heart she held most dear
Was false to her; and nightly might be seen—
His lips still blushing where her kiss had been—
On Arno's bank, beneath a spreading tree,
Breathing new vows of fond fidelity.
She scorned the tale; but rumor travels fast,
And still it grew, and grew, until, at last—
Hearing it ever whispered under breath—
Her fond heart sank within her, sick to death.
But sudden from her grief her spirit broke,
And all the woman in her breast awoke;
So she would track him to his trysting-place,
And smite his smiling leman in the face.

'Twas night in Florence, and the amorous breeze
Made mournful music in the leafy trees

That fringed the Arno, as she followed him,
 With stealthy footstep, through the starlight dim,
 Until she saw them—as the rumor said—
 The twain together. How her proud heart bled!
 Long time she listened to each loving speech,
 Praying for strength, that she might forward reach
 And rend the woman who had wrought this wrong,
 Even in the piping of her puny song.
 Oh, bitter agony! What shame was this—
 The hidden witness of each burning kiss.
 To see the passion in their trembling lips,
 While fierce flame tingled to her finger-tips.
 One moment more; then, in their last embrace—
 The hot blood surging o'er her flushing face
 She, bending forward, with a blade she bare
 Severed a long lock from Lucretia's hair.
 Then, white with anguish, 'neath the stars' pale ray
 Stole from the place, and homeward went her way.
 Then was there feud in Florence, fierce and dire;
 The torch of vengeance and the foeman's ire;
 Till the proud blood of many a noble lord
 Reddened the blade of faction's fatal sword.
 But he—the doer of this evil deed—
 Escaped the death, his cruel treason's meed;
 And when the feud was ended—drowned in gore—
 Wedded his love, Lucretia. But no more
 Men saw Bianca; from the fatal hour
 When her foul wrong arrayed her kindred's power,
 She disappeared from Florence. None knew where
 The maiden wandered, and all search was vain.
 At length, in utter weariness and pain,
 Her parents and her kinsfolk mourned her dead—
 The fairest hope of Arno's vale was fled!

Long years went by—and still in calm content
 Lorenzo lived. His happy days were spent
 In the warm sunshine of Lucretia's smile;
 While two fair sons, with many a childish wile,
 Plucked the dark shadows from forgotten days,
 Making the golden hours one hymn of praise.
 Soft sped the years, till one returning spring,
 Bringing new blessings on its silver wing,
 Brodered with flowers the gardens, broad and fair,
 That made the pleasure of this happy pair,
 Like a rich garment spread out wide for them,
 Having the Arno for its silver hem.
 Bowered in woods, secluded from the heat,
 The noise and bustle of the busy street,
 Without the walls, their villa towered the plain,
 Flashing the sunlight from each gilded vane.
 Rare songs of birds, and scents of flowers that rise,
 Make dear delights in that sweet paradise,
 While through the plash of falling fountains come
 The dreamy echoes of the city's hum,
 Borne from the bowers where Florence proudly stands
 Smiling benignly o'er the subject lands—
 Set in the vale, mid sweetest flowers of spring,
 Like some rare jewel in a signet-ring.

But lo! upon the summer's balmy breath
 Floated the rumor of a threatened death;
 Heard first in whispers indistinct and vague,
 And then in trumpet-tones.—“The plague! the plague!”
 So thousands, sore affrighted, gat them thence
 From the fell fury of the pestilence.
 Then, on a sudden, o'er that city fair
 Swept the death-angel through the perfumed air.
 Darker and deadlier grew the fearful doom;
 Palace and hovel merged in one vast tomb;
 Till naught was heard in Florence save the knell
 For parting spirits, and the dead-cart's bell,
 That echoing rang in each deserted street.
 Ruin and wrong usurped law's empty seat;
 All bonds were loosed, and with averted face,

The very priesthood fled the accursed place.
 The ways were filled with rapine, lust, and crime,
 Making a hell of that sweet summer-time;
 The dead out-told the living, till no space
 Of sacred ground was left for burial-place;
 And by the bale-fires obscene night-birds flit,
 Bearing the corpses to one ghastly pit.

In his rich villa by the Arno's wave
 Lorenzo and Lucretia thought to save
 Their lives and children, feasting every day
 To keep the fearful pestilence at bay.
 Lorenzo's heart was troubled, for he saw
 The heavy doom which haunts the broken law;
 And, wandering backward, through a host of fears,
 He met the phantoms of forgotten years.
 But still the fair Lucretia strove to win
 The smile back to his face, grown wan and thin.
 So all their days were banquets, and the hours
 Were crowned with pleasures, as a queen with flowers.
 One day, near evening, down the dusty road
 A weary woman sought their proud abode,
 And, pleading earnestly the day grown late,
 She sought admittance at their princely gate.
 A nun she was, and on her lovely face
 Sorrow's stern hand had left its heavy trace.
 There seemed a mist of memories to rise
 O'er the calm radiance of her liquid eyes.
 Lorenzo feared to give her welcome there;
 But his dear lady made her tender care
 To lodge the weary woman; for her son,
 Lifting his lovely face beside her, said:
 “Sweet mother, let her bide!” At this, her head
 The nun raised quickly with a start, it seemed
 Some swift emotion o'er her features gleamed.
 Two days she tarried with them as their guest,
 By weariness of travel sore oppressed;
 The third day dawned, and—oh, most fearful fate—
 The dreaded foe was there, within the gate!
 The swift disease its fearful course had run,
 Brought from the city by that pallid nun;
 Death's cruel hand had slain Lorenzo's joys,
 The fair young mother, with her blooming boys.
 What woe was his—oh, most unhappy sire!
 The fell disease, like a consuming fire,
 Gnawed at his vitals, while he crawled to see
 The fatal source of this fierce misery.
 She rose before him, faint, with failing breath;
 O'er her pale brow, sealed with the seal of death,
 Like the sun struggling through a golden haze,
 Shone the rare beauty of her early days.
 “Behold”—she said—“and know me! I am she
 Aforetime spurned, come now to die with thee—
 The lost Bianca! At thy feet I fling
 Thy new love's curl, and this, the old love's ring.
 Say where is she whose love was thy dear feast?
 I linger last with thee, whose love was least.
 This death is sweeter than all loves that were!”

So died they, she with him, and he with her.
 Fair bloomed the garden in the day new-born,
 With bright birds singing in the rosy morn;
 And from the carpet of each rich parterre,
 A thousand perfumes wooed the balmy air,
 Floating benignly from the flowers ablow
 O'er Arno, lying like a silver bow
 Among the meads then winding far away
 To where the white walls of the city lay;
 While o'er the sweets that drowned each drowsy sense
 Hung the dark shadow of the pestilence.

Bianca's vengeance—was it wisely done?
 Nay—pause, O reader! Till thy course be run;

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Knowest thou what bitter outrage, suffered long,
May hurl thy spirit to revenge the wrong?
Her life's long agony is only known
To Him who sits upon the eternal throne;
And so, perchance, His mercy and dear grace
May give her hungering soul a resting-place.
Still smiles her picture o'er the marble stair,
In ripened loveliness—supremely fair,
Save a fierce flash that seems in scorn to rise
Through the long lashes of those earnest eyes.

ANAGRAMS.

"WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED" defines *anagram* to be "a transposition of the letters of a name by which a new word is formed; thus *Galenus* becomes *angelus*; *William Noy* (attorney-general to Charles I., and a laborious man) may be turned into *I moyl in law*."

Upon a closer examination of anagrams, we shall find a more extended definition necessary. In the first place, the transformation is not confined to proper names, but words and whole sentences are thus disposed; and, secondly, a good anagram requires some significant meaning in the newly-formed word, or phrase, applicable to that from which it is derived. Camden, in his "Remains" takes this view of the subject, and adds: "The anagram is complimentary or satirical; it may contain some allusion to an event, or describe some personal characteristic."

Anagrams are of very ancient origin; the Cabalists, among the Jews, were professed anagrammatists; they pretended to discover occult qualities in proper names—an Oriental practice borrowed by the Greeks. Thus the Hebrew characters for the name *Noah* form, by transposition, the Hebrew word *grace*; in like manner, the name *Masiah* becomes *He shall rejoice*.

Lycophron, who lived 280 B.C., has left us two neat anagrams—one on Ptolemæus Philadelphus, king of Egypt, and the other on his queen, Arsinoë:

Πτολεμαῖος, ἀπὸ μέλιτος; "of honey."
Ἀρσινόη, ἥσπας ἰω; "Juno's violet."

Among the Romans two kinds of anagrams were in use, one formed as above: *Roma, amor*; *corpus, porcus*; and the other, by simply dividing a word into several parts: the deity *Terminus* becoming *ter minus*, and *sustineamus, sus tinca mus*.

The passion for anagrammatizing proper names reached its height in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when it was a fashionable amusement of the wittiest and most learned. At court it became a mania; the little persons flattered the great ones by inventing anagrams for them. In the reign of Louis XIII., we find mention of Thomas Billion, of Provence, who enjoyed a pension of twelve hundred livres in the capacity of "anagrammatist to the king."

Much stress was laid upon the signification of the anagram formed, with respect to its influence for good or for evil, upon the person whose name was thus handled. Sad, indeed, was the case of one André Pujom, who read his fate in the anagram "*Pendu à Riom*," and felt impelled to fulfil his destiny by journeying to Auvergne, of which province Riom was the seat of criminal justice, and there committing a capital offence, for which he was actually hung in the place to which the omen pointed.

A very significant anagram is that made on the assassin of Henry III., Frère Jacques Clement, "*C'est Penfer qui m'a crié*."

It was at one time fashionable for authors to disguise their names, not by a *nom de plume*, but in an anagram; thus Calvin, the theologian and reformer, in the title of his "Institutiones," printed at Strasburg in 1539, calls himself *Alcivinus* (the anagram of Calvinus)—the name of a person eminent for his learning, in the time of Charlemagne.

Critically considered, anagrams are of two kinds—pure and impure: in the construction of the former, the omission or retention of the letter *H*—and that letter only—is allowed; in the latter, more liberty is permitted, such as the repetition of a letter oftener than it occurs in the name, or in the substitution of letters nearly related, especially E for G, V for W, S for Z, C for K, and *vice versa*. As an

example of an impure anagram, we have the name of Sir Edmund Godfrey, who was murdered in a papist plot under Charles II., thus transformed: "*I find murdered by rogues*."

A certain class of anagrams are sometimes termed *palindromes*; these are sentences which read backward and forward the same. Of these we have some remarkable examples in the flexible Latin tongue:

"Signa te signa temere me tangis et angia."

"Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor."

Again:

"Sator arepo tenet opera rotas."

In this case we observe, not only is the whole sentence reversible, but each word is a palindrome.

In English, we have Adam's polite self-introduction to Eve in the Garden of Eden:

"Madam, I'm Adam;"

and the famous one,

"Able was I, ere I saw Elba,"

referring to Napoleon I.

This name reminds us of another impure but appropriate anagram:

"Napoleon Bonaparte—No, appear not at Elba!"

Again, when Napoleon I. ended the French Revolution with the Tribune, the words "*Revolution Française*" were transposed, forming "*Veto! un Corse la finira*." But, when Napoleon was forced to yield to his successor, Louis XVIII., the same letters were arranged to read thus:

"*La France veut son roi*."

One of the happiest anagrams is that by Dr. Burney on Horatio Nelson: "*Honor est a Nilo*," referring to Nelson's celebrated victory over the French fleet off Alexandria.

Another remarkable one is formed of the question put by Pilate to our Saviour. Pilate asked:

"Quid est veritas?"—*What is truth?*

"Vir qui adest!"—*The man who stands before you!*

Disraeli, an author whom we have more than once quoted, relates the following curious story:

"Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character. She was the Cassandra of her age, and several of her predictions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troublous times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the Court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name:

"Eleanor Davies—*Reveal, O Daniel!*"

The anagram had too much by an *L*, and too little by an *S*; yet 'Daniel' and 'Reveal' were in it, and that was enough to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady; while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poising text against text, one of the deans shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver; he took a pen and at last hit upon this excellent anagram:

"Dame Eleanor Davies—*Never so mad a ladie!*"

"The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and we hear no more of this prophetess."

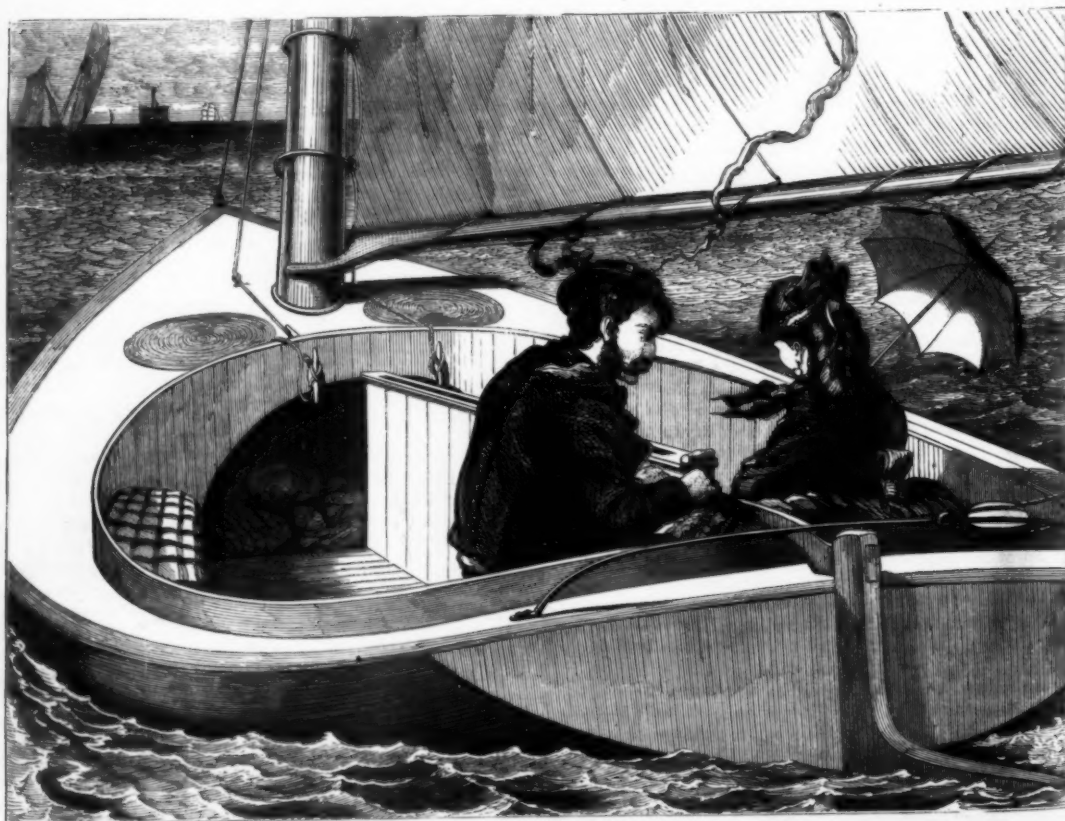
In conclusion, the following list comprises some exceedingly ingenious specimens of this art:

Astronomers,
Democratical,
Gallantries,
Lawyers,
Misanthrope,
Monarch,
Old England,
Punishment,
Presbyterian,
Penitentiary,
Radical reform,
Revolutions,
Telegraphs,

Moon stagers.
Comical trade.
All great sin.
Sly ware.
Spare him not.
March on!
Golden land.
Nine thumps.
Best in prayer.
Nay, I repent it.
Rare and mad frolic.
To love ruin.
Great helps.



SUMMER DAYS—IN THE WOODS.



SUMMER DAYS—ON THE WATER.

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AMID THE RUINS OF IONA.

A NATURAL passion for relics, and the interest attaching to the name of Saint Columba, brought my wandering footsteps to the sacred island of Iona. It was a bright, clear day—one of those summer days in Scotland which bring the American traveller insensibly back to the beautiful spring of his native land. The grand Atlantic rolled lazily among the many islands which stud the western coast of Scotland. Far to the west stood "the wild Tyree and sandy Coll;" eastward, like a glittering jewel on the ocean's breast, lay Staffa; on the north, stretched—

"Ulva dark, and Colonsay,
And all the groups of islets gay,
That guard fair Staffa round"—

while on the south the islands of Scarba, Jura, and Islay, loomed in the dim distance.

As we came in full view of this celebrated spot, we were forcibly reminded of the words of the great lexicographer: "Little is that man to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona." What a curious, quaint, green-looking spot it seemed, with its gray and crumbling ruins, its isolated cottages, and its primitive little village! Every house appeared to be cast in a similar mould—two windows, a door, a thatched roof, and the peat smoke finding its way toward heaven in the mode "that pleased itself." As we neared the shore, the Gaelic shouts of our irrepressible boatmen became more and more vehement and interesting. A perfect hurricane of intermingled English and Gaelic was kept up between those on board and on shore, which considerably interrupted any preliminary observations and meditations. "Noo, Donald—Neesh! neesh—Caw Spector—mind yer heid, sir—suissee—Shaw neesh!" Imagine the most beautiful green sea that the mind could conceive—a pure white sand, and the fish distinctly seen, playing hide-and-seek at the bottom, and you have some idea of the margin of this little island.

After scrambling over slippery rocks, and the most wretched apology for a pier I ever beheld, we were safely landed on the sacred soil. No sooner had our feet touched the dry land, than a rush was made for us by about twenty of the native children, dressed in the characteristic "garb of old Gaul," or short "kilt." Each one placed beneath our noses a saucer containing specimens of the shells of the island, and announced his or her wares in the best Saxon at their command. "Only a penny"—"a tippence"—"a sixpence." "My good girl," said I, to one of the fairest of the train, "what do you call these peculiar-looking stones?" She replied, with a mixture of modesty and impudencious assurance:

"A penny, sir."

My first consideration was, of course, to procure quarters for the night, and after considerable questioning I was escorted to the only hotel on the island. This mansion was spoken of as the "Inns," although upon what principle it had attained to the plural number I was unable to discover. The "Inns" was not of the most inviting dimensions, as it consisted solely of one kitchen, one bedroom, and a sitting-room with concealed bed. Into the latter apartment I was immediately conducted with that courtesy and native dignity peculiar to the Highlander. Hospitality is a religion in the land of the Celt. You find it everywhere, from the great MacCallummore himself to the meanest of his subjects. I very soon found myself seated in peaceful contemplation before a homely but inviting repast of boiled flounders and potatoes. Ye gods! what flounders. It is almost worth a man's while to visit Iona, were it only to taste her flounders. Saint Columba must certainly have left them his blessing. Having invited the professional clericone of the island to join me in a "dock an dorch," a beverage extracted, by-the-way, from barley, and precipitated with hot water, lemon, and sugar, it was not long before I ingratiated myself into that gentleman's favor, and found myself discussing Druidical rites, fiery crosses, Fingal, Corval, and Columba, with as much familiarity as if I had been on visiting terms with these gentlemen from boyhood. I found the above extract a most excellent assistant to traditional research, and would cordially recommend it, in connection with flounders, to any of my successors desirous of coming to "ruins." My guide was a most intelligent man, with a strong vein of common-sense, and a Scotchman's shrewdness. He kept a single eye upon his grace the Duke of Argyll, and the other upon that excellent article—

the main chance. From his remarks I gathered that the island was about three miles long, by one in breadth. It was fast becoming depopulated by emigration, and many families were year by year packing up their "all," and sailing for the shores of America. It seemed to me that I heard more of America, in that little island, than in all the country put together. There were two ministers of the gospel then resident, one belonging to the "Free Kirk," the other to the Established, or Church of the Crown. Education was of course good, as it is everywhere in the land of John Knox, and the English language rapidly becoming more familiar.

The history of Iona, as known to the natives and historians generally, may be thus briefly stated: The earliest known inhabitants were the Fingalians or Ossianic race. They held complete sway over Scotland from the earliest period of her history to the advent of the Druids, and, although their name and doings are somewhat mythical, such a race in some shape or form had evidently existed. They appear to have been a noble, brave, and poetical people, and decidedly superior in intelligence to their successors. Toward the close of the second century, the Druids became possessed of the island. They built a kind of seminary, and ruled with despotic sway over the souls of an imaginative and credulous people. On the evening of Pentecost, 563, Columba, the son of Felim, the son of Fergus, and grandson of the haughty Neal of the nine hostages, King of Ireland, landed upon the shores of Iona. His vessel was a rude boat, composed of wicker-work and hides. He landed at a small creek called Port-a-hurich, where the boat was buried, and a mound erected over it. Guarded by two frowning precipices, and lashed by the unceasing waves of the Atlantic, this memorial of the dawn of Christianity has stood the wreck of time, and remained for centuries the landmark of a great event.

It was a bright day for Scotland and for Christendom, when Columba set his foot upon the "Green Island of Trees." The early life and self-sacrificing piety of this saint are now so familiar as to require but little comment. Suffice it to say, that his bold and undaunted fight for the Cross overturned the altars of paganism, and paved the way for the glorious light of the nineteenth century. At his landing he met with much opposition, and it was not until after a two years' tour through the main-land, that he commenced in real earnest to erect those temples of learning which now stand but in history and in ruin. His first work was the Chapel of Saint Oran. The story told of this chapel is, that when in course of erection what was built by day disappeared by night. A vision, however, appeared to Columba, and told him that, until a living sacrifice was made, the chapel could not be finished. Oran, one of his followers, emulating the example of Quintus Curtius, offered himself, on condition that the chapel should be called after his name. Two days after his interment Columba, being desirous to take a last look at his friend, caused the earth to be removed, when Oran, still alive, exclaimed, "There is no terror in death, and hell is naught." Enraged at such blasphemy, Columba ordered the earth to be replaced, uttering the words, now passed into a proverb, "Earth! earth upon the mouth of Oran, that he may blab no more!" The cathedral was not completed until the beginning of the seventh century; and, from the many changes which it has undergone, but little if any of the original building now remains.

Upon this island stood the first seminary of learning in Scotland, perhaps in Britain. It was here that Columba and his Culdee monks, in spite of the ravages of neighboring tribes, taught the blessings of religion and the benefits of knowledge to thousands from all parts of Europe. Columba promulgated laws which were separate and distinct from the See at Rome, and the excellent rule and purity of the monastic life, under his régime, formed a marked contrast to the errors and immoralities existing at that time in other branches of the Romish Church. The industry of the monks was great. They cultivated the soil; and the adjacent island of Tyree (the garden of Iona, or Il) was set apart for their use. Celibacy did not exist, and altogether their lives were models, not only for their successors, but the present time. This man, whose works as a religious founder and reformer have been seldom equalled and never surpassed, after a life of piety and self-sacrifice, yielded up his soul on the night of the 5th day of the Ides of June, 596, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-fifth of his ministry. His remains are supposed to lie in a vault some little distance from the arched entrance to the cloister. Many changes have altered the religious edifices of Iona since Co-

Iumba's day. Pirates infested the shores, despoiled the churches, and put the ecclesiastics to death. Fire, sword, and destruction, did their work, until the Reformation, with burning fanaticism and disregard for art, tore down churches, crosses, relics, and imagery, and sent the clergy to seek a more congenial soil on the Continent of Europe. The last abbot who ruled in Iona was John McKinnon. He died in 1500. So sacred was this island that kings from all parts of Europe were sent there for interment. Here repose the once powerful chieftains of the Highland clans. It was the place of sepulture of the kings of Scotland, from Fergus II. to Macbeth, and only ceased to be so when Malcolm Canmore, to please his queen, adopted the English language as the language of his court, and transferred its state and its resting-place to the Abbey of Dunfermline.

If the reader has ever stood within the walls of Westminster Abbey, or uncovered his head beneath the *Hôtel des Invalids*, he can form some idea of the awful feeling of reverential wonder experienced on treading for the first time such a sepulchre of ages. I stood within the Cathedral of Iona. The venerable stones were gray with age and ruin. The grass grew in these empty sockets, and the crow and jackdaw fluttered among its broken arches. Away above all shone the great, blue canopy of heaven, unchanged as then. What food for contemplation! What a source of thankfulness to Almighty God for light and truth! Although a Protestant, I could bare my head and thank Heaven that a great and good man had reflected light where there was darkness. I felt that I could honor such a man, were he Protestant, Catholic, or Hindoo. My cicerone, doubtless, regarded the whole affair pretty much as a Switzer does the Alps, and my enthusiasm as a pardonable eccentricity of youth, to which he was thoroughly accustomed. In spite of his matter-of-fact criticism, and half-amused air of pity, I seemed to cover the walls with roofs—to fill these cloisters with monks—to spread the altar before me, and to hear the music swelling through these crevices and corridors. Such is change! and the weeds must grow upon our own dearest shrines, and the wild bird shriek over the mouldering ashes of our most sacred temples.

Having indulged in the pardonable weakness of a little sentiment, I was reminded by my guide that time was pressing, and that perhaps we had better proceed to business. Note-book in hand, I thereupon commenced, with his assistance, to do the sights in the usual scientific and open-mouthed manner. The cathedral is built in the form of a cross, and consists of a nave, transept, aisle, and chancel. Its length is one hundred and sixty-four feet, and its tower seventy feet in height. The first object of interest which strikes a stranger is Saint Martin's Cross. It stands at a short distance from the main entrance, and is cut from one solid block of native whinstone, resting upon a pedestal of granite. The designs and carvings on this cross are of the most beautiful description. With the exception of McLean's Cross, between the nunnery and Saint Oran's Chapel, this is the only one remaining of three hundred and sixty crosses which once adorned the island. At the main entrance is found a well, now completely dry; also a trough, at which the pilgrims washed their feet. The remains of a porter's lodge are also seen, as you enter. The *coup d'œil*, looking from the entrance to the large window at the farther end of the building, is magnificent. The eye is immediately struck with the innumerable and exquisite pieces of carving round the capitals and pillars. Glancing up at the square tower, we find the windows perforated with quarterfoil and spirally-carved mullions. At the east end of the church, upon two large stones, stood the marble altar, now no more. A staircase still exists, leading up to the first story of the tower; and one feels a strange and fascinating interest connected therewith, and the mind insensibly reverts to the many thousand feet which must have trod these steps, whose name and story are forgotten, and whose history is measured by centuries. Near the altar is the tomb of Abbot McKinnon, the last abbot. The figure, in full canonicals, is cut out of solid stone, and as large as life. Those who have not seen these specimens of ancient carving can form but little idea from the works of modern marble-cutters of the marvellous skill and lifelike portraiture displayed by these monks of old. Considering their antiquity, their lifelike reality and perfect keeping are something quite astonishing. Passing through the building, we come to the chapter-house, a groined and vaulted chamber, lighted by a Gothic window. On each side we find three vacant niches, intended probably for images, or perhaps for the seats of the dons. Beyond this are the ruins of the library, as also the remains of the ancient cloisters.

The Chapel of Saint Oran, which we next visited, is, of course, in ruins. The entrance, however, is entire, and forms a triple arch. The Relic-Oran was the burial-place set apart for the great. Here repose the kings of Scotland—forty-eight in number—eight Norwegian kings, and four Irish. There is also the tomb of a French prince. Scattered around these different lines are various tombstones of the finest workmanship. There they lie in wonderful preservation—abots, warriors, chieftains, scholars—some clad in complete armor, others in mitre and crosier—McLeans, McQuarries, and the once powerful "lords of the isles." Their battle-cry is still; the targe and claymore rust upon the wall; and, "after life's fitful fever, they sleep well." There is one beautiful stone particularly noticeable, erected to the memory of the four priors of Iona. The inscription, in the old Roman character, is distinctly legible. Another singular stone is that of Dr. John Beaton, a celebrated physician in his day. It is told of him that the king, on one occasion, being desirous to test the skill of his advisers, feigned sickness. Having baffled their learning, and hearing of the Mull doctor, he sent for him. The honest and keen-eyed old Highlander was not to be deceived, and he immediately pronounced him *le malade imaginaire*. The following prescription, left by the doctor to his patients, would seem to meet the wants of many modern hypochondriacs:

"Be ye cheerful, temperate, and early risers in summer;
In winter, well clad, well shod, and well fed with gruel."

Upon his tombstone is a Latin inscription, which, liberally translated, reads thus: "Behold—fallen by the victorious hand of cruel Death—him who often cured others of disease, but could not cure himself! Glory to God alone!"

By Saint Oran's Chapel once stood twelve small stones. The legend was, that visitors were to turn these stones twelve times; when they were entirely worn, then time should be no more. So anxious have visitors been for time to be no more, that not a vestige of them now remains.

The Nunnery of Saint Augustine, built seven hundred years after the death of Columba, has shared the fate of its brother-church. Some few years ago the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, breaking in its fall some fine tombstones—among others that of the prioress Anna, the remaining fragments of which are very fine. Until the nunnery was built, the fair sisters were located upon a small island at the north end of the Sound of Iona; and it appears that Columba, being rather averse to the society of ladies, remarked that, "Where there is a cow, there will be a woman, and, where there is a woman, there will be mischief." Shrewd old fellow Saint Columba must have been.

Besides the ruins, there are many objects of interest to be seen in Icolm Kill. On the west side of the island is a cave called "The Spouting Cave." My reflections thereupon were, that it was probably used by the sacred brotherhood for discussing politics. Be that as it may, on a stormy day the sea rushes in, and, after traversing the cave, escapes through a large cavity at the top, and rises to a height of several feet. It resembles in many respects "the Spouting Horn" on the rocky coast of New England.

At a little distance from the village is a sandy cove, called "The Martyrs' Bay." Above this bay is "The Hill of Mourning." The custom, from time immemorial, has been for funeral-parties to land here, and the remains to rest upon the hill before marching in procession to the Relic-Oran. Little mounds are found upon the island, supposed by the Druids and their superstitious followers to have been inhabited by fairies and "goblins damned," who destroyed the cattle, and carried off the children by night. It is a strange fact, connected with the island, that, in early times, although it was called "The Island of Treca," and possessed those magnificent oaks under whose shadow the Druids laid their warriors, with the exception of a few stunted fruit-trees, not a trace of one is to be seen. It abounds in small hillocks; and everywhere can be found relics of the monks, and of their industry and devotion. The view from "Dun Il," the highest of these hills, can scarcely be surpassed. As the eye wanders, with the setting sun, along the many islets which stud the picture, the feeling is one of intense admiration. For holy calm and gentle loveliness, had Columba roamed the wide world, he could not have fixed upon a spot more appropriate than the one of his choice. As Ossian might say, if Ossian and I had met on this particular occasion, "Peace sleeps upon the ocean, and hangs her hat upon the misty mountain-tops."

The natives of Iona are a simple, plain, kindly people, living on in the ways of their ancestors, hating with true Celtic hatred the intruders of the Saxon. They farm small pieces of land, leased from "the Lord, their God, his Grace;" fish, and weave the most attractive of Highland plaids. That the superstitions of the Druids and their successors have not entirely died out, is evident; and the churchyard at nightfall, albeit a place that might try the nerves of a New-York spiritualist, has an awe for the native almost as great as the Evil One himself. Some of the legends told are strange and almost amusing. One of the sayings, generally attributed to Saint Columba, must be a source of great comfort to the residents of this lonely spot. It runs thus:

"Seven years before the awful day,
When time shall be no more,
A wat'ry deluge shall o'er sweep
Hibernia's mossy shore;
The green-clad Islay too shall sink,
While with the great and good
Columba's happy isle shall rear
Her towers above the flood."

From the recent writings of a distinguished Frenchman, and those of the Duke of Argyll, the interest attached to the ruins of Iona has attracted much general attention. There can be no doubt that excavation would reveal many strange and interesting relics of early history. The taste for this method of research has been of recent years so encouraged of Pompeii and the East, that it has not thought of the wonders to be found nearer home. The spade and shovel may yet reveal, however, some wonders of a past time, and throw more light upon the early dawn of Christianity. This is a place which should never be omitted, in connection with Staffa, upon the list of sights in a European tour. There is now ample hotel-accommodation; and there is no spot where the American traveller could enjoy a day with antiquity, combined with beautiful scenery and bracing air, better than upon the sacred soil of I-colum Kill.

SEA-MESSENGERS.

AS the immense interests of navigation increase, contrivances for relieving ships in distress multiply.

The rate of improvement and of the practical introduction of means suitable for conveying information from vessels in a leaky and burning condition to vessels that may be in reach, and might afford timely aid, seems very tardy, and out of proportion to the demand. Thousands of dollars are spent on our light-houses to warn the mariner whose craft still rides the waves defiant and intact; but, while this is as it should be, the cause of humanity requires more.

In the days of Phœnician navigation, when the cautious sailor tentatively hung upon the dim outline of the coast, and, in the event of shipwreck, had a good prospect of escaping at least with his life, there was comparatively little need of large outlays for the protection of seamen. But, even in Homer's time, the flash of the beacon-light kindled his poetic fire; and, in later ages, the Pharos, built in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, at Alexandria, was regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world.

Now, however, that all maritime nations exert themselves to maintain institutions for the protection of shipping along their coasts, we need chiefly to set on foot experiments with a view to perfect signals for use in mid-ocean.

One method, long in vogue for transmitting intelligence from vessels of scientific expeditions, has been the use of sealed bottles, thrown overboard where it was probable some current would take them to a friendly shore.

Insufficient and inadequate as this contrivance was, its use has often been tested, and its merits proved.

The operations of the United States Coast Survey, under Lieutenant Bacha, in the Gulf of Mexico, were greatly facilitated by the testimony of bottles, cast overboard in the circuit of the Gulf-stream, and transported on its stormy flood to Jupiter Inlet and other parts of the Florida coast, where they were picked up.

The history of more than a hundred such silent messengers of science has been compiled by a distinguished officer of the British navy, with the richest results, in tracing the mighty movements of ocean-currents and the tracks of the regular winds.

It is a matter, too, of no little interest, that the only whisper that has ever reached us from the steamship Pacific, which disappeared in the Atlantic, was from a bottle picked up on the coast of France, containing a paper, hastily written in pencil, believed to be from an American citizen of Norwalk, known to have been on board the ill-fated vessel.

A better expedient, however, than the fragile bottle, it is thought by practical men, will be in the use of carrier doves and pigeons. Every one knows how in early ages their services have been called into requisition in great sieges and military operations. These birds fly great distances in an incredibly short time, and can be trained to obedience. A remarkable instance of their flight was recorded only last month in Europe by the German press. Two pigeons flew from Pesth, Hungary, to Cologne—a distance of seven hundred miles—in eight hours, having left the former city at six A. M., and arrived at their destination, although in a somewhat exhausted state, at two P. M.

If a few such messengers could be dispatched from a disabled steamship on our lakes, or along the Atlantic seaboard, it might be practicable, by the aid of the telegraph, to respond with succor.

When, some years ago, the steamer San Francisco was overwhelmed in a fearful gale, when but just out of New York, it took the bark Three Bells, that so nobly stood by her (as long as assistance could be rendered, and until night and the waves closed over the steamer), at least a week to bring intelligence to New London; and, notwithstanding the delay, the revenue-cutter sent by the government, by an admirable calculation, overtook the floating fragments of the wreck on a part of the ocean previously and precisely indicated.

In the case of the loss of the screw—now becoming too common—or the breaking of a shaft—as recently in the case of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's vessel, the Henry Chauncey—even should the accident occur in mid-ocean, there would be great probability, in the main thoroughfares of commerce, of these winged messengers, promptly sent out, bearing the tidings to passing steamers and sailing-vessels, with the urgent appeal and statement of circumstances, before it was too late.

In the fiercest gales, these tiny ships of the air, now rising above the furies of the storm to seek an upper current of atmosphere on which to fly, or skilfully using the power of the wind as instinct would suggest, might prove the harbingers of hope and of speedy rescue to many a gallant vessel.

Valuable, however, as these dumb servants of the seaman have proved to be, we have a contrivance, through the ingenuity of the English mechanic, that, if generally introduced and freely employed on board vessels, gives promise of great usefulness.

This is called the *sea-messenger*. It is a small, boat-shaped buoy, air-tight and metallic, that can be broken by no concussion, and is strong enough to outride any storm.

It is made large enough to contain a ship's papers—records, passenger-lists, and any budgets of letters or memoranda of the crew—and mounted with a brightly-colored and well-secured metallic flag.

Should this float be put overboard in the track of our Liverpool or Havana vessels, the drift of the Gulf-stream would almost insure its meeting some craft in a few hours on these crowded sea-lanes.

It has been suggested that the attachment of a lamp, with wire-gauze protection, furnished with oil sufficient to burn a few days and nights, would greatly enhance its value as a signal. Even should the oil give out in a few hours, during the burning of the lamp some friendly sail might see the floating "messenger," pick it up, and read its message in time to afford the desired relief.

A few instances may be cited in which the application of the new invention would have probably been attended with important results.

On the 8th of September, 1857, the Central America, under the command of Captain William Lewis Herndon, of noble memory, left Havana for New York, in the early stages of what proved to be a terrific storm. On the 11th of September, in a fearful gale, she sprang a leak; and soon, her fires extinguished, she became wholly unmanageable. Through the exertions of her captain and crew, she outlived the awful night of the 11th, and went down late in the day of the 12th. Some of her survivors, hanging on portions of her wreck, were provisionally rescued, in an almost lifeless condition, on the *windward* day after the disaster, by the brig Mary.

Had such signals as we have alluded to been at hand, it is almost

certain others might have been saved. There was certainly time enough for these messengers to have told the tale before the expiration of nine days.

On a burning vessel there might be sufficient time for the signals to take effect, if dispatched in various directions at once, and promptly.

One of the worst instances of a conflagration at sea was that of the *Eastern City*, an English packet from Liverpool to Melbourne, Australia.

The *Eastern City* crossed the equator on the 11th of August, 1858, and, when six hundred miles from land, took fire, at two p. m. on the 23d of August. Her captain immediately threw bottles overboard, and the crew and passengers, by desperate exertions, fought the fires until half-past two p. m. of the next day, when they were rescued by a passing vessel.

The German steamer *Austria*, remembered by some of our readers, in 1858, on her voyage from Hamburg to New York, caught fire from the ignition of tar; and, as the fire instantly drove the engineers from their posts, and she could not be stopped, the loss of life was frightful. The fire broke out early in the afternoon, and, when at nine o'clock p. m. the steamship *Arabian* came up, not a survivor was clinging to the wreck. But the last man left the burning ship only after her iron plates became heated to redness, and just an hour before the *Arabian* hove in sight.

Even in this unprecedented horror, hope lingered on the doomed vessel at least six hours after her fate was sealed.

In the noted case of the *Sarah Sands*, which burned fifteen hours, and suffered an explosion which blew out the port quarter of the ship, her men kept down the flames, and ran her into Mauritius, saving a regiment of English troops on their way to India.

Many such cases of calamity at sea in which there are intervals of suspense, during which these means of alarm to passing vessels or to ports near by would have time to take effect, could be adduced.

It seems criminal to spare any expense or pains that once in a thousand experiments might secure the safety of a single vessel, or a handful out of the thousands of those "who go down to the sea in ships."

At all events, if the sea-messengers, whether carrier-pigeons or the new English invention, should fail to bring relief to a perishing vessel, they can hardly fail, at least, to give information which shall prevent the long anguish of doubt and anxiety among the relatives and friends of those who have gone to sea on a "missing vessel." It is often a relief to know the worst at once, rather than to linger for months in harrowing uncertainty.

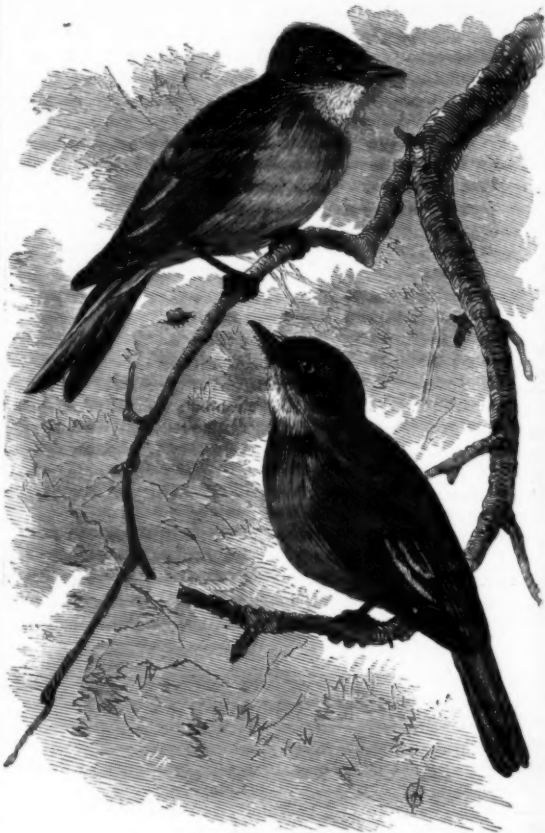
AMERICAN BIRDS.

III.

PHŒBE-BIRDS.

"PHŒBE! phœbe!" calls this friendly little fly-catcher, as soon as the snows have melted for good and all, in the early spring. At the welcome sound every old farmer knows that the season has truly opened, and that he may prepare for his first plantings that very day. Bluebirds, and some of the other "harbingers of spring," make mistakes sometimes; but the phœbe is trustworthy, and brings good luck and good weather. Mr. Bartram, the naturalist, considers him a sort of "feathered almanac," and says, on page 28 of his "Travels": "Whenever the pewee appears, we may plant peas and beans in open ground, trench beans, sow radishes, onions, and almost any kind of esculent garden-seeds, without fear of danger from frosts; for, although we sometimes have frosts for a night or two after their appearance, yet they are not so severe as to injure the young plants." In this way, as a kind of oracle, the pewee, or phœbe, has a recognized place in the farm economy, and is regarded with mingled respect and affection even by the youngsters. To rob a phœbe's-nest is held to be a grievous crime by well-regulated country-youths, and a sure forerunner of ill-fortune by the most hardened scapegrace of the village. The phœbe knows this very well, too, and, taking advantage of the kindly hereditary prejudice in his favor, builds his nest in sight and easy reach of every passer-by, confident in the immunity granted by the great destroyer Man, and willing to risk attacks from cats, weasels,

cuckoos, and crows. He is very valiant in the fight, when called to do his devoir for his lady-fair, or in behalf of his rock-founded castle,



PHŒBE-BIRDS.

and will willingly match his strength with an antagonist of twice his weight, relying on his wonderful facility of flight and strength of beak to make him victor.

A deep fissure in some rock, jutting over a few feet above a quiet brook or glassy pool, is this fly-catcher's favorite nesting-place; or, equally convenient, an opening in an old bridge-wall, in the cool shade under the worn planks whereon tread the farmers' teams and droves of the neighborhood, is chosen to hold the bundle of sticks and mud, grass-lined and moss-coated, to make it appear much like the stone on which it rests. Habit is strong with the phœbes, and, when they build under the eaves of a shed or out-house, the moss does duty just the same, when strips of bark would answer the purpose of concealment even so much better.

Unlike these birds, some species have learned lessons of convenience and utility from human civilization, as, for instance, the martins, and bluebirds, and wrens, who use the little bird-houses every intelligent farmer erects for them—more than either, perhaps, the chimney-swallows, who have to-day abandoned their former homes in hollow trees, and taken to unused chimneys in preference; so universal is this custom of chimney-haunting with them, that we may well doubt if the oldest great-great-grandfather in the tribe was born in a hollow tree.

When the nest has been built and finished, in either the fissure of the overhanging rock, the crevice of the bridge-wall, or the eaves of the shed, the female phœbe, as in duty bound, calls up her resources, and makes shift to procure some four or five eggs of a peculiar shape—very sharp at the small end, tapering rapidly up to the centre, and thence rounding off bluntly. They are nearly white, and the shell is so beautifully thin and transparent that the color and form of the yolk can be easily seen through it. Faithfully, day by day, the father in

expectancy—no doubt, foolishly counting his chickens before they are hatched—sits on a dry twig near at hand, and pipes cheerfully to the wife as she performs the duty of keeping the eggs warm. The fellow is constantly in motion, twisting his head ever from side to side, and flitting his tail rapidly—now flying impetuously at some winged intruder on his domain, and anon sweeping swiftly in pursuit of his insect food, as an unwary butterfly or bug crosses his line of vision, grasping the creature with a snap of his bill that may be heard a hundred feet off, and regaining his perch with the easiest conceivable propelling motion of his fan-like tail, to swallow his prey at convenience.

When the babies are born, they are certainly not beautiful, but, for all that, are exceedingly well thought of by father and mother, after the manner of humans. In course of time, they learn to catch flies for themselves, and to have ambitions, and to build nests, having already married or been given in marriage—the matter, with them, probably being conducted on the principle of true love, as it is certainly beyond question that the attachment continues through life with this species, as it does with the fish-hawks and some others. It has been remarked, also, that they migrate in pairs, unlike most other small birds, who journey in the spring in companies of males and females, the females coming north a few days later than the males. It is undisputed, also, that the same birds return, year after year, to the same locality to build; and in one species very nearly allied—the wood-pewee—the same nest is repaired year after year. Dear little phobos, let us say what you must mean by your kindly, plaintive song: "God bless us, and you all!"

IV.

THE CHIPPING-SPARROW.

At least five or six species of sparrows are known to casual observers by this name, or as "chippies." The song-sparrow—so distin-



CHIPPING-SPARROWS.

guished by his beautiful song, or, rather, series of songs—the field-sparrow, the yellow-winged sparrow, the white-throated sparrow, and

the tree-sparrow, although each so varied by his size and markings, and still more in habits, are continually confounded with this little pet of the door-yard.

He is a beautiful creature, the true chippy, and as gentle and friendly in his demeanor as he dares to be, having a fondness for frequenting window-sills and cellar-steps, in spite of well-known dangers from prowling cats and mischievous urchins with "fresh salt." He is a lithe, bright, little fellow, and bears a character quite different from his prolific congener, the English sparrow, lately imported into our public parks.

In the American career of this bird we see repeated the old story of the destruction of the native by naturalized races—as, for instance, in Washington Square in this city, where there were wont to be so many of our familiar birds. At present, there is hardly one to be seen; for, directly a native makes his appearance, the Britishers fall upon him with such fury, being generally the larger birds, and in such numbers, that he is glad to make his retreat full-feathered. A literary chippy-bird might go over the story of the "poor Indian" again, in the wrongs of the tribe, and some novelist among them might write tales, after the manner of the great Indian romancer Cooper, of once-loved and happy hunting-grounds, now lost to them forever.

It is really enough to make the blood boil to see these beautiful native sparrows of ours ill-treated and driven off by the great, bully foreigners, who are allowed to swarm so in our streets, under the pretence that they destroy inch-worms. Very likely they do destroy the inch-worms—for so it is said—and they are known to be capable of devouring any kind of edible filth, and have not the dainty tastes of the real Americans, whose food consists of minute seeds, of coleopterous insects, and an occasional worm of some delicate species. Our bird sings, too, and chirps it to his mate all the time she is doing her part on the nest in hatching out the four pure-blue eggs, speckled at the great end with black, she has been at so much pains to lay in the ingenious cradle of fine hay and roots both parents have combined forces in constructing.

The chippies' nests are built in breezy places, with an eye to the lookout and desire for fresh air, which does not seem to concern the town-bred English sparrow, who is quite content with any thing in the way of a box somebody has put up for him, even with such a box as those gaudy, tawdry affairs the city authorities so kindly placed on poles in the centre of Madison Square, last year, for the accommodation of the inch-worm-eaters. The chippies live respectfully by themselves, in pairs; but their persecutors herd together in promiscuous companies, and make as much row as an old rookery in Cherry Street.

European sparrows, as they ought to be called—for they belong as much to the Continent as to England—are very well in their way, and doubtless do much service in getting rid of certain nuisances which are intolerable in the streets; but it is very hard to forgive them their quarrelsome ways, and it is much pleasanter to turn from them to tell some people, who don't know, that the chipping-sparrows are migratory birds, and that the sweet little fellows they have been feeding all winter on the snow with the crumbs from the table are not the same birds they feed on the gravel walk in the summer-time, and who chirp them so cheerily in the mornings and evenings of the long, hot days. The winter visitants, who resemble them so much, are larger birds, measuring six and a half inches in length—one inch longer than the chipping-sparrow—and are the tree-sparrows (*Fringilla Canadensis* of naturalists), who arrive in this part of the country about the time the chippies (*F. socialis*) retire to the south to spend the winter. When the song and chipping sparrows return in early April, the tree-sparrows are about leaving for their northern homes. This is a fact of which it is hard to convince some kindly friends of the birds, but which is equally susceptible of proof with the migrations of the swallow—whom many otherwise enlightened dwellers on the creeks where they abound firmly believe to hibernate in the mud like frogs—or the migrations of the swallows, who are supposed, by some individuals still possessed with superstitions, to pass the winter in dark caves in company with the bats.

The distinguishing marks of the chipping-sparrow are, his bright bay-colored crown and crest, the very prominent black line running backward from the black bill to the hind-head through the eyes, the pure-white line above it, and his diminutive figure, which is smaller than that of any of the sparrows, except the field-sparrow, who is

also precisely five and a half inches long, and eight inches in extent. The field-sparrow is comparatively a shy bird, and of nearly the same general color and markings, but much duller, and inclining more to clay color in tint, and is wanting in the deep black of the line on the side of the head pointed out in the chippy. The field-sparrow builds his nest in the grass, or in a small bush close to the ground, and lays eggs thickly spotted with ferruginous markings.

It not unfrequently happens that the late-hatched chippies of the second or third brood turn out albinos of nearly pure white, which, there is a theory, may be caused by the coldness of the weather at that time; for in the spring moulting they seem to regain the brown colors of the species. It would be interesting to know if this is also the case with the other albinos among birds—robins, crows, and blackbirds, who are especially subject to this "freak of Nature."

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

On the next morning Ben went away without a word, no repentance of his intention or lingering desire to postpone it having apparently crossed his mind. He took leave of his mother the night before, for he was going away early. "It will not be for seven years this time," he said as he kissed her, and was going to kiss Mary, too—a formula which his cousin, with a pang of mortification in her heart, felt might be better dispensed with. "Nay; I shall see you in the morning," she said, half-terrified lest the blood which she felt to be scorching her cheek might "make him think any thing." What should it make him think? She puzzled him a little, it must be allowed; but he was not the kind of man who can think of many different things at one time. His mind had been absorbed with the business which brought him to Renton. It was absorbed now with thoughts of what he had to do in the winding up of his own affairs. Now and then it flitted vaguely across his perception that Mary had something on her mind, which, one time or other, it would be his business to see into. Dear little Mary! Ben was very fond of his cousin. If she had wanted a hair from the beard of the Cham of Tartary, or a golden apple from the Tree of Bliss in the gardens of the Enchanted Isles, he would have done all a man could do to get it for her. But he did not know now what she wanted, or if she wanted anything—and that was one of the matters which could wait till he came home.

Laurie, too, was going away with Ben, though only to town; and the night before they left was a night of talk and recollections more than the separated family had yet permitted themselves. It was true that Hillyard put himself singularly in their way. Perhaps he had not had all the advantages of the Rentons; but still he was a gentleman, though much knocking about the world had taken some of the outside polish off him, and he had never shown any inclination to intrude upon their private talk or make himself a sharer in the family communings—never till now. Perhaps it was because they were just setting off again, and Ben's family came in for the *attendrissement*, which might have been more justly bestowed upon his own. But it was ridiculous that he should plant himself by Mary, occupying her attention, and pouring forth his confidences upon her, as it seemed to him good to do. They were all gathered together in the drawing-room, as they had been so many times before, after Mrs. Renton went to bed, with the windows open as usual, the lights shaded, the languor of the night and its wistfulness and soft content and melancholy stealing in; the half-darkness and the soft breathing of the night air, and the fluttering moths about the lamp, were all accessories of the picture which nobody could forget. And there was a mysterious gloom about the walls and the roof, owing to the shades on the lamps, which gave a more distinct character to the half-visible faces, each in its corner, and to the brilliant circles of illumination round every light. They had begun to talk of their father, and this last event in the story of his will, which was so strange, and so unlike all his previous life.

"One would like to know what he meant by it," said Laurie. "Poor, dear old father! If there had been something dependent on the issue of our probation; if there had been a reward for the man that had used his talent best, like you, Ben; or for the man who had

given him an heir, like Frank; but all to end in this aimless way! We have always thought ourselves very sound in the brain, we Rentons, or I know what one might be tempted to think."

"That is what I have thought all along," said Frank.

"It is not for us to say so, at least," said the elder brother. "I believe illness coming on had confused his mind. They say it does. I don't think he can have been quite clear what he was doing. And then he remembered at last, and was sorry—don't you recollect?"

"My poor father!" said Laurie. And then there was a pause, and in this pause, through the dimness and the stillness, came the sound of Hillyard's voice, too low to be distinguishable, coming from Mary's corner, addressed to her with a volubility and eagerness which struck them all with amazement. He had not meant to be so audible; and when, after the first silence, a little laugh burst from Alice at the one voice thus brought into prominence, he faltered and stopped too, as people do under such circumstances. What could he be finding to say to Mary? and what could Mary be thinking of to listen to him? were the half-angry thoughts that flashed over Ben's mind. Of course he was a guest here, and everybody's equal. Yet still, it seemed to Ben as if, on the whole, this was bad taste, to say the least, on Hillyard's part.

But Alice, though she had laughed at the sound of the solitary voice which continued when they all dropped, was eager to let loose her opinions, too, on the other subject.

"I cannot see what other will could have been just, now," she said. "If he had told you something to do, it would have been different. But he gave you nothing to do; and how were you to know what he wanted? It was not Laurie's three princes, after all."

"And, now I come to think of it, I don't believe in my three princes," said Laurie. "I have not a doubt they fought it out when papa was out of the way. Fancy two elder brothers giving in to a fellow because he had the marvellous little dog that ever was seen! It came to natural justice, you may be sure, at the end, and the strongest had it. And it has come to a kind of natural justice with us, so far as law allows. Poor old father! One used to feel as if he must be so much wiser than we were. And it proves he was as confused as the rest, and saw just as short a way before him, and stultified himself, half-knowingly, like one of his own sons."

"Don't!" said Ben, with a voice of pain. He was more angry with his father than soft-hearted Laurie ever could have been, and consequently was less able to talk of it. "Thank Heaven!" he cried, suddenly, "I don't suppose it has done any of us any lasting harm."

"No," said Laurie, out of the silence, after a pause, "no more harm than we should have done ourselves, anyhow, for our own hand."

And somehow, in the room, there was the sound of a sigh; whom it proceeded from, it would be hard to tell—six people all gathered together of a soft autumn evening, and not too much light to betray them, it would be strange if there was not more than one who sighed.

But Alice, in the shade, slid her hand through her husband's arm, and said, joyously, "It has done us no harm, Frank."

"Because we would not let it," he whispered back again, brushing her soft cheek with his mustache.

Yes, that was the secret. Have your will, anyhow, whether Fortune permits or no; and, in the long-run, the chances are you will come out just as well as your neighbor, who allowed Fortune to constrain him, and will have had your will and your happiness into the bargain; bad social morality, perhaps, but just as good fact as any other. The young soldier and his wife had their little triumph unsuspected by the others, who heard but a momentary whisper in that corner, which was drowned by Hillyard's more forcible whisper, always conversing with Mary. What did the fellow mean by it?

Ben was so disgusted by this "bad taste" of his friend, that he got up and stepped out on the lawn, with some murmur about a cigar. And the other men all rose and joined him, though not with any enthusiasm. When they had all trooped out, he stepped back for a moment, and held out his hand to his cousin.

"Is it really the case, Mary, that I am not to bid you good-by to-night?"

"No," Mary said, drawing back, with a shy hesitation which he did not understand; "do you think I would let you go away—so far—and not make your breakfast for you the last morning? This is only good-night."

"Good-night, then," he said, but held her hand still. "What was that fellow, Hillyard, so voluble about?"

"That fellow!" said Mary. "I thought he was your great friend. Indeed, it was mostly you he was talking about."

"A poor subject," Ben said, only half-satisfied; and then she drew her hand away from him, and he went off with a half-suspicious glance at her, and a certain sense of uneasiness, to join the men outside.

A parting in the morning is of all things in the world the most detestable. He who would have a tender farewell, and leave a soft recollection behind him, let him depart by the night-train—the later the better—where there is no inquisitive light to spy out, not only the tear, but even that humidity of eye which tells when tears are coming. Mary's eyes were in this condition when Ben rose from his hurried breakfast, and came up to her in the full eye of day and of Mr. Hillyard, who lingered, though nobody wanted him. She had kept behind the urn, feeling that, after all, had she stayed up-stairs and watched him going away from her window, it would have been less unsatisfactory.

"You'll write and let me know how things are going on," Ben had said, not feeling particularly cheerful himself, but yet approaching the best part of the wing of a partridge to his mouth.

"Oh, yes, of course I will write, as usual," Mary said; and he gave a nod of satisfaction as he ate. To be sure, he had to eat before he started. And then she added, "You'll let us know as soon as you arrive."

And he nodded again over his coffee-cup. It was to give him his breakfast she had got up—and what else was there to be expected? And when the dog-cart was at the door, Ben wiped the crumbs carefully from his mustache, and went up to his cousin and took her hand and bent over her.

"Good-by, Mary," he said, kissing her cheek, "take care of yourself. I'll write a line from town before we start. I'm very sorry, now it has come to the last. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Ben!" she said, unable to articulate another word. The blood seemed all to stagnate about her heart. Up to this moment there had always been a possibility of something happening—something being done or said. But now it was all over. A certain haze came over her eyes, and yet she could see him looking back at her as he went to the door with an indefinable expression. She stood and held by the back of the chair, looking out of the window before which the dog-cart was standing, forgetting for the moment that there was any one else in the world.

"Good-by, Miss Westbury," said a voice at her ear.

Mary turned round with an impatience it was scarcely possible to disguise. "Oh, Mr. Hillyard, I beg your pardon! I thought you were gone. Good-by!" she said. He was standing holding out his hand with his eyes bent on her, and a glow in them such as even a woman agitated with feelings of her own could scarcely mistake.

"Good-by, Miss Westbury. I shall never forget the days I have spent here," he said, and stooped over her hand, as if—

"Hillyard! do you mean to stay all day?" cried Ben, from the dog-cart, in a tone which was not sweet.

"Indeed, you will be late for the train; you have not a moment to lose," cried Mary, withdrawing her hand.

He muttered something, she could not tell what—nor, indeed, did she care. "Not farewell yet," was it he said? But what did it matter? The interruption had so far roused her that she felt able to go to the window and smile and wave her hand to Ben. Hillyard was still holding his hat in his hand, trying to attract her attention, when the dog-cart disappeared down the avenue. Then Mary sat down and gazed straight before her, with that poignant sense of unreality which such a moment gives. Five minutes ago he was there; and now here was vacancy, silence—a blank in which life lost itself. Five minutes, and all the world changed! Her brow was burning and heavy with tears unshed—an ache which seemed physical, so hard the strain and pain it produced in her, went through her heart. And a whole long day to go through, and the birds singing merrily, and the sun shining, and old Willis on his way to remove the remains of Ben's breakfast, and to spread the table for the family that remained! "It don't seem no good, do it, Miss Mary, to have master home so short, and he been so long away?" Mary started to her feet at the words. No good indeed—perhaps harm, if one dared say so

—deeper blank and silence after the momentary movement and the light!

And now to think it was all over, and that there remained nothing but the old life to be taken up again and gone on with just as before! If it had been night, when one could have shrouded one's self in one's own room, and cried or slept, and forgotten one's self! But it was day—early morning—with a whole heap of duties to be performed, and people to look on while she was performing them. And Mary felt sick of it all—the duties, and the daylight, and the life. Laurie, who thought early rising idiotic, went by a much later train, at what he called a rational hour. And then the house was left in its old quiet, but for the presence of Frank, and Alice, and the children, which no doubt made a great difference. When Mary went to her godmother with the newspaper she was questioned minutely about Ben's departure and his looks. "Did he eat any breakfast, Mary?" Mrs. Renton said, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"He ate a very good breakfast," said Mary, with a slight sense of humor, but, on the whole, a greater sense of something like displeasure. Yes, he had been quite able to eat breakfast, though he was going away!

"And enjoyed it, poor fellow?" said his mother. "Ah, if one only knew when he would eat his next meal at Renton! And was he cheerful, my dear, or did he feel it very much? Poor Ben! None of you think how hard it is upon me!"

"You have Frank, godmamma," said Mary, "and if he settles in the Dovecote it will be very nice for us all. And there is Laurie close at hand whenever you want him, and no one could be more kind than Laurie—"

"But neither Laurie nor Frank is Ben," said Mrs. Renton with decision, drying her eyes—which, alas! as her niece felt to the bottom of her heart, was most true. And then Mary read the papers, all the bits of news, as she had done any day these seven years. Had there been any break in the endless round, or had she only dreamed it? It seemed so hard to know: for the interruption, with all its agitations and pleasures, had vanished, and every thing was as it had been before. Except, indeed, that Frank and Alice made the dinner-table cheerful, and took the heavy duty of the drive off Mary's hands, which was a relief for which she should have been more grateful. But even that showed the difference between her own life and that of Frank's wife, though Mary, had she not been driven to it, was not given to such comparisons. For her there was but the usual monotonous promenade over the well-known, too well-known country; but Alice was taken to the Dovecote, and even the invalid grew interested about the changes necessary, and the furnishing and decorations of that abode. "The Frank Rentons" had all the pleasant excitement of settling down before them. And Mary felt that it was very wicked and unwomanly of her to desire any excitement, or to feel so wearily conscious of the want of interest in her own existence. Would it be much better in the cottage with her mother, who in all these years had learned to do without her, and whose whole mind was absorbed in her curate-boy? Perhaps that would not be any better. And, anyhow, it was evident that there was nothing to do in the mean time but to submit.

There was, however, an excitement awaiting Mary much nearer than she had any expectation of. It came to her just two days after Ben's departure, in the afternoon, when once more Alice and the children had gone to accompany Mrs. Renton in her drive, and she was alone in the drawing-room, with the window open as usual—that window by which everybody went and came—everybody, that is to say, belonging to the family. Mary was reading, seated in her favorite chair, half-buried in the curtains, when it seemed to her that a shadow fell on her book—a very familiar accident. It must be Frank, she thought, looking up; but to her great amazement she saw it was Hillyard standing with a deprecating, anxious look before the window. She made a spring from her seat with that one thought which fills the mind of a preoccupied woman to the exclusion of all personal courtesy and consideration. Something must have happened to Ben! "What is it? for God's sake, tell me! tell me!" she said, rushing out upon him, dropping her book, and holding up her clasped hands.

"Nothing, Miss Westbury," he said, putting out his hand to take hers, with the humblest, softest tone—a tone amazing in its gentleness from such a big-bearded, unpolished man. "I was only waiting to ask you whether I might come in."

"But you are sure there is nothing wrong with—my cousin?" Mary cried: and then recollected herself, and was covered with confusion. "I beg your pardon; but, seeing you so suddenly, it was natural to think of Ben. I felt as if you must have brought bad news, Mr. Hillyard; don't think me very silly—but godmamma may come in any moment from her drive—you are sure there is nothing the matter with Ben?"

"Nothing at all. I left him a few hours ago, very well and very busy," said Hillyard; and then once more he added in the same soft, subdued, disquieted tones, "will you let me come in?"

"Yes, surely," said Mary, though she was trembling with the sudden fright. "But it is so strange to see you. Is there any change in your plans? I thought you were to go to-day." And then a wavering of light and color came over her face suddenly in spite of herself. This man, who had no possible business at Renton, surely could not have come alone!

"I begged for another day," said Hillyard, following her into the room. "I dare say I was a fool for my pains. It may be years before I return again. I asked for another day."

"I am sure godmamma will be very glad," said Mary, courteously; "but somehow it was very startling to see you, and not Ben."

And she gave a momentary glance out, as if still she expected the other to appear. Such a reception to a man who had come on Hillyard's errand was like frost to a brook. It bound him, shrank him up within himself. He stood looking at her with a half-stupefied, wistful gaze, saying nothing. Ben; always Ben! Was that the only thought in her mind? Was it possible she could see him thus, and meet his eye, and not see his errand was altogether apart from Ben?

Mary, however, was so much occupied with her tremor and start, and curious little flutter of expectation, that it did not occur to her as strange for some minutes that her present companion said no more. She took his silence with the composure of perfect indifference. She was not even curious about him, further than concerned her cousin. Why should she be curious about Mr. Hillyard? But at last it did strike her that politeness required that she should speak to him. And, looking up, she caught the expression of his face and of his attitude all in a moment, and the ardent light in his eyes. Such a look is not to be mistaken. With a sudden rallying of all her blood to her heart, and steadying of her nerves for an utterly unforeseen but unmistakable emergency, Mary faltered and stopped in her intended speech, waiting for what was to come.

"Miss Westbury," he said, "I might as well tell you at once that I see what a fool I am. I have my answer before I have spoken. You think no more of me than if I were Ben Renton's horse, or his dog, or any thing that belonged to him. I see it quite plain, and I might have seen it before I went away on Wednesday; but there are things in which a man cannot be any thing but a fool."

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Hillyard?" said Mary. "I hope I have not been rude. You are a stranger to us all. It is only through Ben we have known you; and it was natural when I saw you that I should think of my cousin. If I have hurt your feelings I am sure I beg your pardon." In all this she was talking against time, hoping that Frank or somebody would come in.

"No," he said; "I know I had no right to think of any thing else. Of course I am a stranger. Ben's dog—that is about it! I am not sneering, Miss Westbury. I should not have minded your calling me so when I came."

And there he stood, turning his eyes away from her, a big, strong man of the woods as he looked, abashed and disconcerted, like a chidden child. He gazed out blankly, pulling his beard, with a flush of such quick mortification and downfall as a boy might feel when he sees his hasty projects fall to naught, and yet a deeper pang underneath than any boy could bear. Altogether the man looked so humbled, and sore, and sad, silenced in the very moment of effusion, that Mary's heart was moved. She was sorry for him, and remorseful for her own indifference. It seemed almost needful to let him say out his say by way of consolation.

"We all called you Ben's friend," she said; "his best friend, whom we have heard of for years. Nobody else could have come among us at such a time. You must not think I mean any thing disrespectful or unkind."

Then there came a great burst of words from him. "That was what I thought," he said; "that you had been used to hearing of me; that I might have been to you as an old friend. I too have heard of

you for years. And look here, Miss Westbury; you may scorn me, but I must say it, I have been in love with you for years. I used to see your letters, and think there was a woman, if one could ever hope to get within speech of her! And then I came here. I ought never to have come. My heart was full of you before, and you may think what it was when I saw you. Don't stop me, please; it is better now that it should all come out. You were kind to me, as you would have been to any stranger; but you did not know what was in my mind, and I did, and went on fire like a fool. There, now; I see how it is. I won't grieve you by asking any thing. Only give me your hand, and say you forgive a rough fellow for taking it upon him to love you, before he ever saw you, and behaving himself like an ass when he did."

"Mr. Hillyard, I am sorry," said Mary, with tears in her eyes. "I did not mean—I never thought—it is me whom you must forgive, if you can."

"You!" said the strange man. "God bless you! that's what I say. You and forgiving have nothing to do with each other." And then he took her hand between both his, and gazed down upon her with a fond, lingering, sorrowful look, as if he were getting her face by heart. "I don't know why I came," he said, muttering to himself; "I knew it would be exactly so—just so. And yet I wanted you to know—"

And then the men seemed suddenly to forget her presence altogether. Standing there, holding her hand, he might have fallen into a dream, so perfectly still was he. But her hand was lost, buried between both his, held fast, while she stood perforce by him. And yet there was no force in it, no rudeness, but only a profound, melancholy silence—a sacrifice of the hidden sweetness he had been cherishing in his life.

"Mr. Hillyard," she said, softly, "you must say good-by to me, and let me go." And then he woke up and came to life.

"The other hand too," he said, "for this once. Good-by, and God bless you! It's all I'll ever have for my love. God bless you! Good-by!"

He did not even kiss her hands, but held them fast; and then let them drop, and turned, stooping his tall head through the white curtains, and went out as he came in. Mary stood looking after him with an indescribable sensation. Was he really gone, this man who had been nothing to her barely an hour since, and now was part of her life? or was it a dream altogether, an invention of her fancy? His heavy foot ground upon the gravel for two or three steps while she stood in her amazement looking after him; and then he stopped, and turned round, and came back. But he did not attempt to come in. She on the one side of the white curtains, and he on the other, stood for another moment and looked at each other, and then he cleared his throat, which was husky. "I am not coming back," he said, "I have just one word to say. If there should ever be a time when you might think—not of me—I don't mean of me, for I'm a stranger, as you say—but that a man's love and support might be of use to you—they say women feel that sometimes, if things don't go altogether as they wish—then let me but know, hold up only your little finger, Mary—there. I've said it for once—and I'll come if it were from the ends of the earth."

And then, without another word or look, he went away.

Was this the excitement she had been wishing for, and blaming herself for wishing? Mary ran up to her room in terror of meeting any one, with her heart beating wildly in her breast. Here was an incident, indeed, to diversify a dull afternoon, a dull life with! She was so touched and excited, and moved by compassion and surprise and regret, that the effort upon her was not much less than if Hillyard's extraordinary suit had been that of a man to whom her heart could have responded. She sat down and hid her face in her hands, and got rid of some of her excitement in tears, and went over the strange scene. How strange a scene! For all these seven years—her best and brightest—Mary had never heard the voice of love. Now and then a tone of that admiration and interest which might have come to love had just caught her ear from the outside world; but she had been drawn back into her retirement, and the deeper tone had never followed. And now, all at once, here was passion of such a kind as seldom startles a woman's ears in these days. An utter stranger an hour ago, and now—happen what might, should she never see the man again—a bit of her life! Mary's head swam, and the world went round with her. "They say women feel that sometimes,

If things don't go altogether as they wish." What did he mean? Had he read in her heart more than others could? Was she one to fall into a longing for some love and support, some awakening and current of activity in her life, after all youthful dreams were gone? The suggestion moved Mary with an humbling sense of her own weariness and languor, and senseless disappointment, and longing for she knew not what. She was not one of those women to whom somebody's love is indispensable—if not one, then another. With a cheek burning with shame, and eyes hot with tears, she rose up and went down again to her duties, such as they were. Henceforward she was determined she should suffice to herself. This, after the first shock of emotion, was all the effect poor Hillyard's sacrifice upon her altar had on Mary. That he should have seen that all was not going altogether as she wished! After all, what better had most women to do with their lives than to tend a real or imaginary invalid, to order dinners, to read newspapers, to go out every afternoon for a drive? And she had perfect health, and a beautiful country, and plenty of books, and all the poor people in Renton Parish to occupy her. To think, with all that, there might come a time when she would want a man's—any man's—love and comfort! The counter-proposition, that a man should some time in his life long to have a woman by him, does in no way shock the delicacy of the stronger creature. But what woman is there who would not rather die than acknowledge personally for herself that a man is necessary to the comfort of her existence? In the abstract, it is a different matter. Poor Hillyard! the immediate result of his pilgrimage of love and hopeless declaration was to move Mary Westbury, in a wild flame of indignation at her own unwomanliness, to the task of contenting herself, energetically and of set purpose, with all the monotonies of her life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENTLEMEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

II.

MR. WATERS had a very poetical idea of the comparative national status of different wines. He considered the wines of France, for example, to bear the same rank in comparison with those of other countries that the highest order of lyrical effusion sustained in the world of poetry. Ordinary Rhenish wines were its satires and pasquinades; port was didactic verse; while in the finest growths of the Rhinegau, of Madeira, and of Spain, were to be found the Shakespeares, the Homers, the Miltons, the Virgils, of the wine-crypt.

And, in conformity with this fancy and feeling, when he expected a visit from his friends, it was his custom to descend into his vaulted cellar, or mount the stairs to his loaded wine-chamber, and, with keys in hand, "unloose the spirits of the mighty past, and restore in their happiest temperament and condition the effulgent glories of the grape."

And these same depositories, aloof and aloft, were fraught with the results of distant voyages, of curious tastings, of patient research, and of elaborate choice, "illustrated with a benignant and happy fortune;" yet he dwelt with unction upon a certain special bottle of wine, which once, when his cherished stores were smaller and less select, had occupied, among sundry cobwebbed bottles of old Madeira, the upper shelf of a chamber-closet—a treasured, shrined, garnered bottle. It was twin-bottle to one which had been opened for him in Charleston, South Carolina—that hospitable city of refuge of good wines—the flavor of which regaled his palate after his return to New York. He had never known so perfect a beverage; and he wrote at once to his friend, offering him in exchange any description of wine that he could name to him, bottle for bottle.

The regretful reply was, that one only bottle remained of the batch, but that that would be forwarded without delay.

It arrived safely in due time, and "this was the lonely bottle which stood upon that upper shelf, in that chamber-closet of that upper story. Often did I gaze upon it, often apostrophize it, praise it with recollected gladness, remember its acquirement, delight in its possession, and wonder when the time might come, and when the friends, that should deserve the incomparable offering."

Upon a certain memorable day, and punctual to the moment, came a chosen party of his most honored and distinguished friends. That the dinner was beyond praise, and all the appointments good, will not

be doubted by any person who was ever favored to sit at John Waters's hospitable board. There was no crowd, no tumult, no excuse, no delay in serving, no vacant seat. In the first place, he regarded the seating of his guests, in a seasonably-tempered room, an essential matter. He had no chair, he was proud to mention, with characteristic consideration, with small open hexagons of split rattan to disfigure the person of his guest for three successive days, when the dress was of a summer texture, and make him uncomfortable through thick or thin, afflicting him with pains which he was ashamed to complain of, or even to mention. No. Each guest had his leather-backed and cushioned arm-chair, soft, yet not polished, nor even slippery, "with ample room and verge enough." And, thus prepared, course after course, wine after wine, appeared, was enjoyed, discussed, and quietly disappeared, alike without want or waste.

"When the time in the repast came," says the æsthetic John, "for the introduction of my selected wines, they found all prepared, and all in the best order and condition." It was, in fact, a perfect series, a veritable ladder of transport, up which the spirits of his guests ascended gracefully, step after step, as each higher and higher flavor presented itself to their entranced palates.

At the last came the sole remaining bottle of the Charleston acquisition. "It certainly is in bad taste to expatiate upon one's wine from the cnaur; but, as *this* bottle was the only one of its kind available anywhere in Christendom, it seemed necessary to introduce it by a word which should at least perform that ceremony." So Mr. Waters gave briefly the story of its acquisition, and gracefully expressed the pleasure which he felt at presenting, on that very pleasant occasion, the only remaining bottle of its especial kind in the world.

He had been conversing, a moment or two before, with one of his guests, upon the comparative advantages, in drinking wine, between the sip and the throw, the host contending that the "throw" was the true way to enjoy the full aroma of the beverage, and at once to gain that gratifying descent and that ascent to the wits—in short, that satisfying blessedness of taste which the mere sipper of potations, of whatsoever kind, must vainly aspire to know.

Mr. Thomas Gibbs, a high social authority, whom I once heard advocate the "sippers" at the same table, would have risen to the height of his great argument on this occasion—for "look you what befall:"

"The bottle was uncorked, decanted, and the wine came forth, in the profound silence and expectation of the guests, 'bright as the beam of your mistress's eye.' The attention of all present was so absorbed by their interest in this only bottle, that, until every man's glass was filled, hardly a sound was perceptible, except the gurgling of the long-necked decanter, as it distributed its glorious contents, and passed with wings from hand to hand around the board, and returned drained to the head of the table.

"Toasts were at that time in vogue, and, as soon as I had said: '*Our hospitable friend in South Carolina!* May his own last bottle reward him for the pleasure of this gift!' each man did justice to the wine.

"How shall I recount the catastrophe which ensued? We are all sinful men, born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and it seemed as if the wine had also dealt ample and instant justice upon us. Every soul present was struck through the heart and liver to the spine. All rose instantly from the table, speechless, aghast, terrified with the effect. There was a napkin or handkerchief over the mouth of each, and, if we could have articulated a word, we might have exclaimed, with the sons of the prophets at the feast in Gilgal: 'Oh, my lord, there is death in the pot!'

"But it was impossible to relieve ourselves by words. It was literally in tears and groans that the guests made for the door, vanished from the room, escaped from the house, and left me, appalled, transfixed, incapable of utterance, standing at the head of my deserted table, and feeling that no man said, 'God bless him!'

For a fortnight, three weeks, a month, no one of the tasteful host's guests had his mouth right. He was himself afraid to walk the streets, lest he should meet some unhappy member of that sad party. He *did* get a glimpse of one, however, after the lapse of some six weeks. He was a well-bred, old-school French gentleman, with all the suavity and grace of manner that belonged to his class and nation, to whom he ever afterward felt grateful for the first kind word he had received since his discomfiture.

"My dear sir," said he, "when I had the pleasure to dine with

you at your very agreeable party, there was one wine which had flavor most exemplary, *ma foi!* I think you did say it was American wine. Will you be so very kind as to write his name in my tablet, as I am happy to pay much attention to the *sujet* of wines?"

Mr. Waters complied, and wrote in large characters the word "SCOFFERONG" on the ivory page with the proffered gold pencil.

The selectest wines of rarest vintages, which had thrown the richness of their mingled colors in flowers upon the spotless white of his table-damask, were never afterward associated with the "most exemplary" fluid, against which the cautious Frenchman had so politely guarded his educated palate forever by a single word in his tablet. It was the *mauvais sujet* of a beverage to which he was usually "happy to pay much attention."

His gentlemen of the old school were not always men who flourished in society, whose salient characteristics he portrayed with so felicitous a pencil; yet they were recognizable in any condition or career of life. One of these was poor old John Stopford, to whom he gave occasional employment as a broker and agent, who had no office of his own nor place of reference; but, had he told him that he had been born a gentleman in his native England and to the inheritance of a good landed estate, he "would not have hesitated for a moment to believe him." But John was a man of few words, and never desired to produce a sensation. He had been ruined by a share in a contract for a peace-loan, but it never disturbed his calm self-possession, nor obscured the mild lustre of his temper. "All that a man needs, after all," John Stopford used to say, "and all that he can make out of this world, is his board and his lodging." But still he was every inch a gentleman, as he "fetched his walk along Wall Street or Broadway, picking out for his feet the soft stones to solace his soles, with his rusty-black pantaloons, waistcoat, coat, and hat, all far less worse for the wear than for his incessant habit of brushing from them every imaginable fibre of lint or particle of dust. His eyes were gray, his hair white, his complexion fine and transparent, yet 'in which the ruby had established a permanent sway.' His nose was undeniably a bottle-nose; but 'his mouth was the mouth of a gentleman; and a gentleman I'll be sworn he was.'" He had lived in affluence where he had seen oranges, bananas, and pineapples growing, and scattering around them their precious odors; and his heart was filled with an irrepressible feeling of enjoyment of the goodness of God in His bounty; but he never would permit a rind of either fruit to lie upon the pavement, to endanger a fellow-traveller.

Our æsthetic of the table once made a very amusing attempt to give a new reading of Shakespeare, or rather to present a new result in Macbeth's career, had he been timely called, as he particularly requested, in the lines—

"Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell."

This, it was contended, was a hot punch, or night-cap, which might have saved him from his subsequent deed of blood. But it is a different kind of preparation which is descended upon so characteristically in the ensuing summary: "Punch is essentially English in all the strength and vigor of the tongue. Try over the whole Continent of Europe, or wheresoever else the English language is not the vernacular, and it invariably comes out *ponche*, or something still more despicable; but the moment an experienced, *incxclusive* traveller crosses the Channel and the Atlantic, and lays his hand upon the right ingredients, out of the sound of any foreign language, the mixture succeeds, as a matter-of-course, and at once becomes virtually and essentially punch proper—*punch* itself!"

What, he asks, could be more dissimilar in their elementary properties than lemon, sugar, water, and rum? Take this list of ingredients: four tumblers of Croton or filtered spring-water, one of double-refined loaf-sugar, well cracked, and one of old rum, and reflect upon the *genius* to whom you have been indebted for this astonishing combination, this original conception. These were hints for reflection to the reader, while solitary and alone, he should be concocting and brewing his pitcher of punch "during the *two hours* in which he should diligently pour it from one glass receptacle into the other," until the beverage had become "like the harmony that steals away the heart, gushing from four musical instruments, where the sound of neither predominates."

When he spoke of *rum*, he said he had not the remotest allusion to any modern West-India distillation from molasses, but to that ethereal extract of the sugar-cane, that Ariel of pure liquors, which,

in the days when planters were born gentlemen, received every year some share of their personal attention, every year some precious accession, and formed those stocks of rum which have almost disappeared from the face of the earth. He devoted an entire paper (with characteristic self-interruption) to "Don't strain your Punch:" "Don't pass the fragrant compound, so carefully brewed by your long-armed Hebe, through a linen-cambrie sieve. It will appear upon your table in a refined and clarified state, and beautiful to the eye, perhaps, but dispossessed by this process of those lobes and cellular integuments, those little gushes of unexpected piquancy, furnished by the bosom of the lemon, and which, when pressed upon the palate, and immediately dulcified by the other ingredients, so wonderfully heighten the zest, and go so far to give the nameless entertainment and exhilaration that belong to punch!"

Our gentleman of the old school was a lover of painting and sculpture, and an appreciative admirer of the great works of the old masters. He had travelled much abroad, and visited all the celebrated depositories. He had a settled dislike of *copies* of eminent pictures. It annoyed him to hear any friend, to whose judgment on other topics he was ready to defer, speak of a "good copy" of a great painting, as "almost equal to the original." What would he think, was asked, of a copy of a letter from the beloved mother of his motherless infant boy which first spoke of her impassioned love for its father? There was a latent, a mysterious, yet undeniable connection between the lifeless manuscript and the being whose affections seemed even yet to haunt and hover around it. And if this was the case with mere pen, ink, and paper, what became of it when the soul of the imperishable artist spoke its inmost graces of conception in the *beautiful* of form, or the varied wonders of expression, with "color, that deep, mute eloquence of earth and heaven?"

After the marriage and retirement of Mary, a favorite cook, he wrote "A Pastoral Lament" upon her, which was full of reminiscences of her choice and well-cooked dishes, if not altogether in the first order of verse. After advertizing to the "flower-footed hours" which had flown by, when, "with three friends and no more" on each side of his table, and the "delight of his youth at the head," he apostrophizes the cotelettes, the matelotes, the curries, the soft grace with which her woodcocks reposed before him, with their bills for skewers:

"How they lay in their glory on toast!

How close their nice feet, yet how free;

When smiled on, as they were by most,

I have thought that they smiled upon me!

"Then thy *star*, o'er a terrapin-stew,

How it rose to the zenith of fame;

And thy soup, from the 'Testudo,' too,

What an odor it gave to the name!

"How thy Mocha approached at the last!

While I write these few lines in thy praise,

A rich perfume it sheds o'er the past,

More delightful, more precious than bays!"

MORE ABOUT NATURE AND THE POETS.

DE QUINCEY somewhere remarks of the Roman mind, that it was great in the presence of man, never in the presence of Nature. The distinction is an important one, and capable of a wide application. To say nothing about lovers of Nature, as the phrase is, there are persons who by their constitution and moral attributes are peculiarly near to Nature and to common things—born hunters, fishers, trappers, woodsmen—men who seem to have a secret, a sign, unknown to their fellows, that admits them into intimate relations with brutes, woods, night and day, etc. The animals love them, every dog makes friends with them, children rush to their arms, and savage tribes receive them as their own. They foretell the weather, read the mute language of plant and beast from the first, and, amid all natural objects, shows, and contingencies, are at home, and know what to do. Almost every neighborhood has such a character, more or less marked—some person with the flavor of the soil about him, who is the referee upon such subjects. Henry Thoreau, for instance, looked with a kindred eye into the face of unspeaking Nature, though he was perhaps too much of a priest, too much of an ascetic, to afford an eminent example of the kind of character I am thinking of. Walter Scott, with his open sense and his sweet, sane presence, comes

scarer, and one readily recalls how kindly the dumb brutes took to him, including even the pigs. De Quincey himself, on the other hand, was evidently not *en rapport* with Nature. There was a dash of madness, of something nocturnal and uncanny, in him.

Besides, there are persons (though I do not really know that De Quincey was one of them) between whom and unconscious Nature there seems to exist a feud or antipathy; the bees sting them, dogs bite them, the cattle scare them, children flee from them, a thunder-storm frightens them into darkening the room or shutting themselves up in a closet. They catch no fish, find no game, find camping-out a bore; in short, persons whose attitude in the presence of irrational things is either that of timidity or cold indifference, while, in the presence of artificial things, of man and society, they may show great readiness and talent.

Perhaps some such discrimination as this, carried into a higher and wider field, led De Quincey to make the remark I have quoted. Of modern types of nationality, viewed in its light and brought down to contemporary times, one may safely say that the French is nearest allied to the Roman, and, if great at all, is certainly not so on the Greek basis. The French do not show to best advantage in the presence of universal Nature, or when tried by her standards. They shine in society, in war, and diplomacy. The deficiency in their literature is on the side of Nature. I am not now thinking of the Greek naturalism, for that is something different; but in the literature of the Northern nations, as the English and the Scandinavian, there is something essentially bucolic, something that savors of the open air and of common, homely things, and that has a common origin with the love for animals and children and for simple, domestic life. But there seems little of this feeling of homely nature in modern French literature, little of its health or continence. In the writings of their more poetic and impressionable minds, there is often a feverish, artificial nature—trees and clouds distorted and colored by a morbid fancy, or, even as in Victor Hugo, a sort of mad-dog nature. Victor Hugo is unquestionably a great Frenchman, and has stamped himself upon literature in a way not to be mistaken, but he has his weak sides. He is great in "Les Misérables" in the presence of the poor and the downtrodden, great contemplating the field of Waterloo, or depicting the sewers of Paris, or in describing Old Paris in "Notre-Dame," great confronting monasticism, perhaps immense in his "Legends of the Ages," but he is not great in the presence of the least fact in Nature. Here he fails signally. Little and big are confounded. He cannot mention the singing of a lark without calling upon the Infinite and the immensities to bear witness; and, when he essays to portray storms, and darkness, and elemental wrangings, we seem to see the material universe smitten with hydrophobia. Neither is he any more successful in attempting to portray the *normal* workings of the human passions, every one of which he invariably pushes so far that the bond of Nature snaps, and all the furies come screeching in. Indeed, to all we call Nature or naturalism, he is blind. He does not seek to follow Nature, but to transcend her. Bacon says Nature is conquered by obeying her, and this is as true in art as in mechanics. The truly great on this side follow only where she leads, because, when truly seen, there is just as much room for the imagination to work inside of her laws as outside of them. Yes, more; there is no outside of them. They can only, when turned or perverted, produce the abnormal, the monstrous. And this is what Victor Hugo delights in doing. He is a very marked example of a man of genius in certain directions, whose works every naturalist must class chiefly as monstrosities.

There is also a difference in this respect between the critical taste of the two races. Who does not feel, for instance, how much more politic and consistent M. Taine is, as a critic of art, than Mr. Ruskin; how much clearer in method and more cosmopolitan in spirit; but who does not, at the same time, feel how much more genius Mr. Ruskin displays in the presence of Nature, and in interpreting universal principles?

Of course, the French genius is not uniformly inferior in the presence of Nature, nor the English genius superior; I only claim, if an average were struck, a difference of this kind would be more or less marked. There are exceptions on both sides. For instance, St. Pierre wrote a book called "Studies of Nature," which, with all its theological twaddle and lapses from true science, contains more real insight and suggestion than any English work in the same plane that I know of. But it is the hardest work for a French author to content

himself with the simple fact; he must put in a little mixture of sentiment and fancy. Note Michelet on "The Bird," "The Sea," etc., wherein the naturalist is drunk, not with the wine of his subject, but with a gin of his own brewing.

A notable instance of a great poet who was weak in the presence of Nature, but who, nevertheless, puts on such a bold front in her presence, and assumes such an air of familiarity as to deceive most people, is furnished by Byron. It seems to me impossible for any real lover of Nature, any one who has that in him which truly responds to storms, and mountains, and the aboriginal earth, to take any pleasure in Childe Harold's apostrophizings of these things. Byron had no real sympathy or affiliation with primitive Nature any more than Pope, his ideal, had. Mountains to him were not a "feeling," and it would never have occurred to him to say so, had not Wordsworth taught him the language. His success was purely of a worldly kind, after the manner of men, like that of a popular orator, or advocate, or wit.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, furnishes just as marked an instance the other way. He had no success with the world:

"—among your tribe
Our daily world's true worldings—"

rank not him. He is great in solitude, on the lonely moor; or, at twilight, by the shores of his mountain-lakes. Not great as speaking Nature, himself a part of her, like the Greek, all her rude and youthful energy throbbing in his pulse and nerving him to action; but great after the modern fashion, as contemplating Nature and interpreting her through the moral consciousness, removed from her an immeasurable distance on all sides but the reflective, but seeking her passionately like the memory of his lost childhood.

The two poets, Byron and Wordsworth, rolled into one, would have made a greater than literature has seen since Shakespeare, a poet like Goethe perhaps, though greater. Goethe certainly *knew* Nature; there is, indeed, something almost of the forbidden in his insight into her, and he knew man too, and the world; indeed, he knew too much and yielded and sympathized too little; the curse of knowledge is over all; that critical eye follows the reader like fate, and one escapes from him to Shakespeare, as from a conjurer, who has filched some of Pan's secrets, into the heart and confidence of the god himself.

Shakespeare is, of course, the universal genius of the modern world, as full on one side as on the other. He did not merely seek Nature, but was Nature. The other poets have been scholars, men of thought and culture, but in Shakespeare we find something better, something shaggy, sportive, ubiquitous; not scholarly, but forever interesting to scholars, as showing all the rules and theories in vital fusion and play.

But the Nature of all recent and semi-recent English poets, including Wordsworth, is a different thing; not Nature in the blood, the consciousness, but in the thought, the purpose. The former is, of course, the higher and healthier condition. "Man is the joy of man," says the old Norse Edda, and so he was with the great pagan poets, but Nature is fast becoming the joy of our poets. "Our feeling for Nature," says Schiller, "is that of a sick man for health." The ancients perceived naturally, we perceive Nature. With us it is a sentiment, with the Greek it was instinct. We look from the height of our culture and our artificial lives, to simple Nature, to woods, and streams, with unspeakable longing, and most of our poets, either directly or indirectly, address themselves to this feeling, and seek to distil for us the delights of these things. But it is not oxygen, after all, that they bring us. It does not make arterial blood. They are on the same mountain of conventionalities and falsehoods that we are, and look at Nature afar off. Where is the poet who strikes his roots down deep and draws up for us some of the rude vigor and freshness of the earth itself?—a poet in whom Nature wells up full and lusty, overriding and keeping under all mere prettiness and excrescences, and making his words rank and savory, and an insult to our dainty euphuisms, and to these sentimental gallantries with Nature?

If we except Walt Whitman, a bard certainly aboriginal and virile enough, and one thoroughly Greek in his attitude toward man, who else is there? Whatever, indeed, is said of this misjudged poet, it must be admitted that, in his treatment of material Nature as such, he has done something entirely new in literary art, namely, he has arrived at the consideration and utterance in poetry of all the facts of Nature, not only the grandest, but the homeliest and most delicate, through the largest geological and astronomical retrospect—adjusting his verse by standards, as of time, and space, and the orbs, with immortality

also, quickening and absorbing the splendid areas opened by modern science—which of course the Greek and Romans could not but lack—in the spirit of oldest gay-heartedness and religion.

"CONDENSATION" IN LITERATURE AGAIN.

To the Editor of Appletons' Journal.

SIR: In a recent issue of the *Independent*, Mr. Joel Benton very naturally disputes the conception (put forth in APPLETONS' JOURNAL) that expansion, rather than condensation, is the principle of literature. I say very naturally, for the reason that one's first impression is, that whoever refuses to admit brevity as the rule of expression must necessarily be an advocate of the verbose and interminable in style. But this is understanding the question in too gross and positive a form; for, in matters of wit, it is the nice distinction, as in matters of art it is the refinement of the line, which separates and characterizes, rather than coarse and obvious differences. Therefore I touch the backbone of Mr. Benton's argument, which is that "brevity is the soul of wit," with this reply: Brevity is the soul of wit, but it is not the soul of style, nor of literature.

In the article—published some time ago in this journal—that Mr. Benton so courteously and firmly disputes, my conclusions do not forbid the finest appreciation of brevity, do not array me against the testimony of proverbs; they simply make me prefer the concinnous to the concise in literature; that is to say, beauty to brevity. Mr. Benton has, it seems to me, failed to appreciate the object and point of my statement, which was not that brevity, or condensation, was bad in itself, but, rigidly and logically speaking, as autocratic in letters, it was fatal to literature, and therefore not to be employed as a controlling influence in expression. To advance brevity, or condensation, to that rank, would be fatal to literature, since literature is not the suppression, but the expansion, in words, of human experience. The logic of the condensing principle kills style, as in telegrams. Had it been paramount in Shakespeare's time, it would have robbed us of the expression of his fancy and sentiment, and left us only his wit. Later, it would have stifled Shelley's wonderful genius for expression, and blighted Keats's full-blown language. The logic of this principle of condensation not only takes all the water from milk, but it makes havoc in the flower-gardens of the world, where, as in literature, it destroys what appeals to our sense of beauty; and we must confess that we prefer a garden to a *parfumerie*, for in the garden we do not have bottled odors, but odors under conditions and with associations gladdening to the eye and exquisite to the touch, as in the color and texture of the flower that sheds its fragrance from varied and exquisite forms.

It is all very well for Emerson to say the sense of the world is short—to love and be loved. But this is a condensation that does more credit to his love of the abstract than to his love of beauty; it obliterates all the differences of form, and shuts us up like flies in a crystal glass. It is contrary to the artistic sense, which never tires of the multitudinous forms in which the Divine Idea incarnates itself to appeal to us in myriad shapes. Literature is an art, and, like all art, its power, its reach, its beauty, are measured by the vastness, abundance, and variety, of its combinations. It is the expansion of heart and mind in language; it is the "flowering out" of germs, of principles that may lie cold in the bottom of our hearts, but which expand under the heat of a generous emotion; and, under the fervid glow of another's sympathy, they start from the solitude of our personal life, and make a part of the life of another being.

Minié-balls and agates and crystals are not sufficient forms to express literature, and yet they are forms that may represent the logic of brevity, point, and condensation, in literature; they express the merit of a sentence—a sentence that may have the same object as a Minié-ball, for example; but in a perfect society, in a society that is a means of pleasure, we do not wish to limit the use of language as we limit the use of destructive projectiles; we wish language or literature to be something more than a means of death to a lie, of destruction to an enemy; we wish literature or language to be a means of pleasure that touches our sense of the beautiful, and to do this it must be ample as well as chaste. Not doing this, it would be of no higher service than a regiment of soldiers; not doing this, the art of using words would only be like the organization of an army—every thing for precision, uniformity, aggression, and nothing for the highest result

of civilization, that is, the social intercourse of reverent, sincere, large-natured, beauty-loving men and women.

I do not dispute Mr. Benton's understanding of brevity as a merit in a particular sentence. I dispute the understanding that brevity or condensation should be the check of expression when it is a question of grace, or the principle of literature, when literature is to correspond with our life. I believe that in literature, as in life, freedom rather than restraint is the soul of expression. I would substitute freedom for repression; I believe we should trust the spirit to make the form. But my affirmation does not pledge me to crown verbosity as the ruler of our literature. This is too coarse and stupid a conclusion to reach, and it should not be imputed to any intelligent being. Verbosity is no means in art, but the *redundant* is; it is a means of grace, or a means of beauty, which was used by Shakespeare, and, I think, by all the masters of our tongue, save the homely and blithe Chaucer; it was employed by Spenser to such an extent (Spenser, the representative of beauty in English poetry) that only artists and poets, or people with the artistic and poetic sense, that is, people closest to literature as an art, may be said to read him.

But, in so stating the truth, that abundance, freedom, expansion, is the principle of literature, essential to its fullest manifestation, essential to touch our sense of the beautiful and of the infinite, on every side, I do not mean to accept ill-digested matter in attenuated expression; I do not mean to make a defence for Ruskin's digressions and amplifications. And yet it may be said that when Ruskin is a bad artist, he is a hasty and zealous one, intent only upon persuading people that he distrusts. But, when Ruskin is a good artist, it does not follow that he is terse and compact in his expression. When he is a good artist, he is no less redundant and prodigal than when he is careless or hasty; but he is redundant for the sake of grace and beauty, not because of the want of wit. As *artists* we can spare many pages of Ruskin, because he was a reformer, more zealous than just in his sense of the value and use of his means of expression; but as *artists* we can spare nothing from his best expressions. And when Ruskin is at his best he is abundant, he is luxuriant, and not like Emerson, whose merit is not in the *ensemble* of his style, but in special sentences, isolated, considered by themselves. The principle of brevity or condensation, which seems to me strongest in Emerson's poetry, is the constant defect and the occasional felicity of his utterance.

I share Mr. Benton's unflinching and exalted admiration of the compact, the concise, the self-possessed style of Emerson. I believe the author of "Nature" to be a pure and exalted type in literature, but he has his limitations. Genius is not prodigal enough in Emerson for me to accept him as adequate in his form of expression. Something of the excess, something of the luxuriance of Nature, must be in the greatest type of expression. Guizot said of Shakespeare, that he was master of all styles but the simple; it may be said of Emerson, he is master of no style but the simple.

But to have done, let me say: Brevity in the sentence is for wit, *abundance* of expression is for grace or beauty. As in Nature we rejoice in luxuriance, as in Nature some of our most delicious impressions come from the tendrils of vines that trail and twine in exquisite forms, as in Nature petals lay folded in soft and fragrant beauty, lavishly one upon the other, over the rose-bud's heart; as water never flows in a straight line, save when under artificial conditions imposed by men, but runs in curves that are the despair of art and the delight of the eye; so in literature, which is a form of man's creation, and a flowing means of social life, the great master, the great type, is more like *delightful* natural things than like *destructive* artificial things. The great master is not he who says the sense of the world is short, to love and be loved, and so condenses all experience into a sentence; but rather one who, like a great organist, takes a simple theme, builds with words a wonderful world of harmony and beauty, and ravishes silence of its treasures; he is the most expansive and sinuous and flexible and varied and involved writer; a writer like Shakespeare, who was brief at his need, but whose manner cannot be characterized by a word that checks the rising passion of large utterance, and brutally brushes away all fancies, as cobwebs spun in vain. Shakespeare was, beyond all English writers, save Spenser and Shelley, the one most redundant, prodigal, varied, free, and unlike Mr. Benton's great literary type—the chaste master of a sculptural, or Phidian, but not of a picturesque, or prodigal style—the wise and serene Emerson.

EUGENE BENSON.

TABLE-TALK.

As one rides out of New York on the various railways, he frequently notices large level plains set out at intervals of about a hundred feet with lines of miniature trees—mostly straight saplings, five or six feet high, with a little knob of green leaves at the top—and these lines intersected with others every few hundred feet. Usually the traveller need not inquire as to the object of this military-looking horticulture, for large placards announce that he is passing an embryo "villa" or "park"—park is the latest fancy nomenclature for these attempts at rural paradises—and smaller placards point out to him where "Irving Avenue" runs, and how "Ash Avenue" and "Fair Avenue" and "Shady Avenue" intersect each other. But, if his curiosity is enlisted in the matter, he will doubtless find some communicative passenger who will give him further particulars. He will be told how certain philanthropic gentlemen, distressed at the crowded condition of our cities, and anxious to afford the struggling citizen an opportunity to own in his own right and name a country domicile at small outlay and expense, have possessed themselves of "eligible" situations, laid out the ground in lots, have "donated"—donate is always the word—spaces for, and will contract to build, churches and school-houses, and are now ready to sell to the respectable artisan or others "on the most favorable terms." Perhaps a pamphlet will be thrust into his hands, which will give him a glowing account of the "park," with illustrations of the contemplated church, school-house, post-office, railway-station, and will enter into particulars of the next "grand sale" of the choicer portions soon to come off, which the public are persuaded to attend by the inducement of a free ride to and from the grounds, and the promise of a collation. This seems like uniting business with pleasure very agreeably; to be sure of a good picnic, and have a chance to buy a corner-lot at a low figure in the new, promising, and one-day-to-be beautiful "Oakville," is something quite fascinating; and, if the traveller cannot attend himself, he probably talks about the matter to his friends, and helps to work up the enthusiasm the "philanthropic gentlemen" before-mentioned desire. If he attends the sale in question, he will meet many people, hear a good deal of earnest talking and brilliant predictions, and will discover, if he is shrewd enough to keep his eyes open, that certain persons are busily stimulating this man and the other up to the fever-point of purchase. He will find that Peter Funk is an institution quite as likely to flourish in rural places as in Chatham Street. He will become convinced, in short, that our philanthropic gentlemen have a talent for business, and know how to play their cards with skill. And, if he be a man of taste, he will marvel very much at the disposition of people to invest in such miserable attempts at rural villages. He will wonder how hot, dry, arid, treeless plains, without a single charm of rural landscape, without an element of beauty, should so fascinate the picnicking buyers. He will

see corner-lots, about big enough for a good-sized barn, knocked down at high prices, and resold before his eyes at an advance. Perhaps, if he watches closely enough, he will detect this to be one of the philanthropic manoeuvres of the distinguished gentlemen already mentioned. If the visitor, having his eyes about him, should see all that is to be seen, he may discover that some of the "eligible lots" are nothing more than filled-in swamps, brushwood and an extemporized sod making up a pretty surface sufficient for the time being. If he note any handsome evergreens studded about the grounds, perhaps, still having his eyes about him, he may discover (what was boldly practised at one of these sales on Staten Island) that the pretty evergreens are fresh from the woods, and only stuck up rootless into the ground for the pleasant picnic occasion. We don't for a moment intimate that all these real-estate distributions are of this unhandsome character; and we would not discourage a taste for suburban homes; but one had better select his villa-site or his country-home when not under the excitement of a cheerful picnic. And, if some earnest and trustworthy attempt were made to bring the really advantageous places—the healthful, picturesque, wooded hills into available form for pleasant country-homes, the public would be greatly served thereby.

— We have referred in these pages to a certain deficiency, apparent both in American literature and American art, whereby we are rendered inferior to other nations in all forms of dramatic rendition. It will be remembered that we pointed out how this deficiency exhibited itself in American comedy, in American story-telling, and in American historical and *genre* painting. But we made no reference to sculpture. In this art the American genius holds a foremost place. We have only to recall the names of POWERS, GREENOUGH, CRAWFORD, ROGERS, STORY, WARD, PALMER, and HARRIET HOSMER, to show how rich we are in this particular. There is, we think, a marked national tendency toward this art. While with almost every other branch of imaginative production we are compelled to acknowledge our inferiority, in sculpture we may claim a place second to no other country. We have given the world, within the last half-century, several sculptors of acknowledged preëminence, and are continually sending to the European schools pupils of distinguished promise. There is something in sculpture consonant to the national mind. The perception and admiration of *form* are among our natural gifts, just as they were a conspicuous element in the genius of the Greek mind. We exhibit this talent in the superior symmetry of our ships and yachts, in the grace and beauty of our vehicles, and in the shapeliness of our implements of labor. The much laughed-at national habit of whittling, no doubt, arises from an instinctive disposition to hew things into form and proportion. Almost every Yankee boy is an adept with the jack-knife, and falls into the skilful use of the plane and the chisel with singular readiness. There is not, it is true, the same disposition to amateur moulding, but in reality the two instincts are very much

akin. The sculptor simply supplements the ordinary and very generally prevailing taste for cutting and carving, by certain qualities of imagination which urge him into a somewhat higher range of experiment. Sculpture, then, may be assumed to be our national art. But sculpture is prone to exclude the dramatic; almost all our American sculptors are deficient in this direction. Powers, for instance, gives us simply beauty of form; he is never dramatic, rarely complex, varied, or prone to action. His ideas are didactic, idyllic; they are suggestions of beauty, of repose, of expression, of innocence. The "Greek Slave" indicates in its title some sort of dramatic narrative; but the stone has no story of the kind to tell. It is simply a beautiful female figure, appealing to our admiration by the grace and perfection of its limbs, and not to our pity or sympathy by the keenness of suffering. Sculpture is scarcely entitled to the high rank assigned it, if it is to confine itself merely to passive and reflective delineation. The Greeks were so enamoured of beauty that they were usually content with its manifestation; but to-day the tastes of men, if less pure, are wider and more complex. The "Laocoon" of ancient art is nearer the requirements of our dramatic and picturesque age than such negative delineations as the "Greek Slave;" and hence, while sculpture is a notable form of American genius, we can scarcely hope to keep pace with the rest of the world with one art, if we do not transfer to it the power and passion of dramatic conception.

— The military prestige of France is so great among Americans, who are generally more familiar with the history of Napoleon I. than with their own annals, that, notwithstanding our sympathy with Prussia, the defeats of the French at the beginning of the present war have produced universal disappointment among us. It was supposed, almost as a matter of course, that French energy and alertness would carry the war at once into Germany, and win the first victories, although the ultimate result might be decided by German valor and German obstinacy. Everybody thought of Jena, and many anticipated a similar triumph of the French arms. The fact was overlooked that the Prussia of 1806 and the Prussia of 1870 were very different in power and organization. In 1806 Prussia was a small state, with less than ten millions of population, with a weak and vacillating monarch, a corrupt administration, an oppressed people, and an old-fashioned army badly led by old-fogy generals. It is no wonder they were overthrown by the French, organized and led by the greatest military genius that the world has ever seen. But, since the catastrophe of Jena, Prussia has become a great empire, controlling nearly forty millions of population. Her people have been relieved from serfdom, from absurd restrictions on labor and trade, have been granted municipal self-government, have been organized into one vast military body, and have been educated more generally and thoroughly than any other people in the world. The government is the best administered in Europe, and is in the hands of singularly able men. France, to be sure, has also made much prog-

ress in population, wealth, and organization, but she is no longer led by the great Napoleon, nor by his experienced marshals. Her army as a whole is physically, mentally, and morally, hardly equal to that of Prussia, is not so well armed, nor so efficiently led. It is therefore not astonishing that the Prussians have won the first battles, and that the French are retreating before them.

Music and the Drama.

MR. BOOTH opened his current season with Jefferson as Rip van Winkle. It is among the surprising facts of the time that a play or a performance, once thoroughly fixed in popular appreciation, may be acted for almost indefinite periods to crowded audiences. The public appetite seems to grow upon what it feeds, and, because it has enjoyed once a fine dramatic presentation, it returns again and again to repeat the pleasure. This fact refutes the common charge of public fickleness. Mr. Jefferson's Rip van Winkle, it is almost needless to say, retains all its beautiful characteristics. It still remains one of the most natural and artistic renditions on the stage—still delights the critical and entertains the ordinary mind.

Some of the London actors have so long been employed on burlesques, that, in attempts to render legitimate comedy, they transfer the buffoonery only proper to the former to characters and language in which it becomes essentially offensive. Of a representation of "School for Scandal," at the Strand Theatre, the *Athenaeum* says: "Accustomed to see laughter attend upon insolence and buffoonery, those taking part in the representation could not forego a chance of repeating their customary triumphs. While one accordingly dressed himself like a mountebank, a second converted Sheridan's dialogue into farce, and a third was with difficulty prevented from executing, upon the stage, feats of which the proper home is the music-hall or the circus. The whole performance was contemptible and deplorable."

The story of Zenobia has never supplied a good acting play for the stage, although there have doubtless been a great many attempts by ambitious youth to frame the strange and glittering history into suitable shape for this purpose. The London *Examiner* reviews very favorably a recent attempt of the kind from the pen of W. Marshall Adams. With a little alteration the *Examiner* thinks it would make a very effective stage representation. The blank verse is described as smooth, correct, with occasional flashes of eloquence and subtleties of expression that are very Shakespearian in their mode.

A Paris paper remarks on the great increase of late in the salaries of actors. It states that Frédéric Lemaître, who used to receive \$300 a month, now gets \$3,000; Melinque, who got \$160, now gets \$1,800; Mdlle. Farguerie got \$100, now gets \$500; Bert got \$200, now gets \$1,200. At the Variétés, where they used to pay \$1,600 a year, they now pay \$6,000; and, finally, Mdlle. Schneider is paid at the rate of \$20,000 a year.

Wagner's last opera, founded on the legend of Brunnhilde, has lately been produced at Munich. Reports speak rather in its favor—some of the scenes, notably one in the second act, is said to be powerfully dramatic. A large

audience, among which were many foreign musicians and critical amateurs, assisted at the first performance, and expressed themselves well pleased.

John Cooper, a veteran actor of the Kemble school, died recently in London, at the age of seventy-seven. John Kemble was so much pleased with Cooper's acting that he presented him at the time of his first appearance, when only eighteen years of age, with a sword, as a testimony of his admiration of his performance of Romeo.

Victor Hugo has written an historical comedy called "Madame de Maintenon," and Erckmann-Chatrian have prepared for the Théâtre de Cluny a dramatic version of their "L'ami Fritz." These gentlemen will probably find that nowadays writing for the stage is only successful with those who make it a special art.

The King of Bavaria has purchased all the rights connected with Richard Wagner's famous trilogy of operas, *Walkyrs*, *Rheingold*, and *Siegfried*, the last of which is not yet completed. For the copyright Wagner is to receive an annual sum of three thousand dollars.

Mr. Robertson's comedy of "Mr. P." was so successful last spring in London, and was so highly praised for its freshness, delicacy, and charming characterization, that we may well hope some of our managers will make earnest effort, and speedily and suitably reproduce it here during the season just opening.

At Niblo's Theatre in this city the painters and gilders have freshened and redecored the interior, but the stage-manager hopes to deserve success by such worn-out plays as "The Duke's Motto" and "The Black Crook," and such a leading attraction as "Lotta."

Literary Notes.

THE REV. MR. FARRAR has, in the last number of *Fraser's Magazine*, an able article on Galton's "Hereditary Genius." Mr. Farrar concludes his review by saying: "We have freely canvassed both the conclusions at which Mr. Galton has arrived and the evidence on which they are founded, and we have endeavored to show that the value of his inferences is at present rather theoretical than practical. But we must not conclude without reiterating our sincere respect for the ability, the candor, the industry, and the versatility of mind, which he has brought to bear upon the discussion of the question. His book is eminently suggestive, even to readers who will differ widely from his views; it contains a great deal of which the value and importance are unaffected by his main theory, and we believe that it will always hold a place deservedly prominent in the literature of the important subject to which it is devoted."

The original sketches by Seymour, Brown, and Leech, for "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby," were sold by auction, in London, on the 26th of July. There are eighty-seven original sketches, with manuscript notes for corrections by Charles Dickens. At the same time the auctioneer sold the original manuscript, by Mr. Dickens, of "Mr. Robert Bolton, the Gentleman connected with the Press," and full reports of the first and second meetings of the Mudfog Association, written for *Bentley's Miscellany*.

The entire original manuscript of four of J. Fenimore Cooper's novels—"The Deerslayer," "The Pathfinder," "The Two Admirals," and "Mercedes of Castile"—in the author's own autograph, was recently sold in London. The manuscript of one of Mr. Dickens's early sketches, sold recently, brought one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

A Benedictine, named Baschet, already known for his researches in the archives of Venice, has published a work on the history of the secret tribunal of that city, in which he has drawn largely upon the dispatches of the ambassadors of the Venetian Republic. The book has rather a tendency to whitewash the Inquisition.

The Primate of the Swedish Church, the Archbishop of Upsal, Mgr. Reuterdaahl, has just died, at the age of seventy-five years. He was a distinguished theologian and historian, and had written some remarkable works.

George Eliot, whom many critics are now disposed to place at the head of English fiction, is engaged upon another novel. Whether historical, like "Romola," or of modern life, like "Adam Bede," is not stated.

The author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," said to be a daughter of Dickens, has a novel, called "Anne Furness," running through the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*.

When Tennyson was eighteen years old, he wrote a poem called "The Lover's Tale." A copy of it, bound up with an early edition of his poems, was recently sold by a London auctioneer for twenty-three dollars.

Miss Helen Taylor is said to be editing the posthumous works of Buckle.

Scientific Notes.

IF the revolution of the earth on its axis were to be suddenly stopped, the temperature of every thing would be raised to such a degree as to be incapable of existing in any other form than vapor. When a bullet strikes the target, it becomes so hot that it cannot be held in the hand. Its velocity is at the rate of twelve hundred feet a second. But what must be the heat produced when a body like the earth, moving at the rate of ninety million feet a second, is suddenly arrested! It would soon be converted into a sea of fire, and all life would become extinct.

Mr. Charles T. Brown, of the Geological Survey of Demerara, has found a magnificent fall on the Potaro River, hitherto unknown. The river passes over a table-land, composed of slightly-inclined beds of sandstone and conglomerate, thirteen hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the sea, and descends perpendicularly in an unbroken fall of about nine hundred feet. The river is about three hundred feet wide, and its greatest depth is from ten to fifteen feet.

Along the Sierra Nevada, close to the line of snow, a plant grows of sizes varying from an inch to two inches in thickness and height to the dimensions of the largest cabbages. It is known as the snow-cactus, and depends for moisture upon the melting snow. It has been recently proposed to treat this plant as a table-vegetable, and it is said that, boiled and served up like asparagus, it is found equally succulent and satisfactory.

Pliny states that the cedar-wood work of the Temple of Apollo at Utica was in a perfect state of preservation after an interval of two thousand years. The famous statue of Diana of the Ephesians was formed of cedar, and endured for many centuries. The ancient Egyptians extracted an oil from cedar-wood, which they rubbed over the leaves of papyrus to preserve them from worms, and which also entered into the compositions used for preserving their mummies.

Brandt, the Russian naturalist, has been elected a correspondent of the Académie des Sciences in the section of zoology. Mr. Darwin was also a candidate. After two ballots, M. Brandt had twenty-two votes, and Mr. Darwin sixteen.

Eighteen million suns belong to our firmament. More than four thousand such firmaments are visible, and every increase of telescopic power adds to the number.

Seen from the high altitudes reached by balloons, the blue of the firmament becomes an intense black, and the stars glitter in a background of perfect jet.

Miscellany.

Mill on the Chinese Question.

A couple of letters from Mr. Mill on the Chinese question are published in the papers. In the first he says: "The subject on which you have asked my opinion involves two of the most difficult and embarrassing questions of political morality—the extent and limits of the right of those who have first taken possession of an unoccupied portion of the earth's surface to exclude the remainder of mankind from inhabiting it, and the means which can be legitimately used by the more improved branches of the human species to protect themselves from being hurtfully encroached upon by those of a lower grade in civilization. All obligations binding the Chinese to the service of particular persons are a form of compulsory labor, that is, of slavery; and, though I know that the legal invalidity of such contracts does not prevent them from being made, I cannot but think that, if pains were taken to make it known to the immigrants that such engagements are not legally binding, and especially if it were made a penal offence to enter into them, that mode at least of immigration would receive a considerable check; and it does not seem probable that any other mode, among so poor a population as the Chinese, can attain such dimensions as to compete very injuriously with American labor. Short of that point, the opportunity given to numerous Chinese of becoming familiar with the better and more civilized habits of life is one of the best chances that can be opened up for the improvement of the Chinese in their own country, and one which it does not seem to me that it would be right to withhold from them." This letter was published, and Mr. Mill wrote a second. It said: "I presume I am indebted to you for sending me the number of the *Chicago Tribune* which commented on my supposed opinions respecting Chinese immigration. Nothing could be clearer or fairer than the editorial statement of the reasons which, in my opinion, might justify the exclusion of immigrant laborers of a lower grade of civilization than the existing inhabitants. But I never said that in America, and in the present circumstances of the case, it ought to be done. My letter on the subject to a California citizen, who had asked my opinion, has been so much misunderstood

that I cannot but think the copy of my letter, which I understand appeared in the newspapers, must have been a mutilated one. I distinctly declared that, in my opinion, the right course to be adopted is to endeavor by education to bring the rising generation of Chinese up to the level of Americans. If there is little or no rising generation (the Chinese not being permanent settlers), I said that in that case their coming could be no such evil to the laboring classes as to justify its prohibition, while the opportunity it gives of conveying the ideas of a more civilized country into the heart of China is an advantage to the people of China, of which (I said) I do not think it would be right to deprive them. The only mode of immigration which I said that I thought should be prohibited is the bringing over Chinese as coolies, under engagements to work for particular persons, which is a form of compulsory labor, or, in other words, of slavery."

German Unity.

Germany has rushed together with a clang. That is the first, and for France the worst, result of the declaration of war. The Emperor Napoleon, with that strange incapacity to comprehend popular feeling which he has betrayed throughout his career, which made him fancy that England would alter her laws to protect his throne from plots, that the North would give up her struggle with the South, that Mexicans would rise for an Austrian archduke, that Tuscany would accept a Bonaparte for a sovereign, that Italy would give up Rome, that the ignorant "gentlemen" of Austria would beat the "mere professors" of Berlin, had evidently imagined that the "conquered" states of Germany would welcome an invasion that might relieve them of their chains. Exiles embittered by undeserved misfortunes told him so; envoys accustomed to live among the limited class which, partly from tradition, partly from cosmopolitan training, hates the stern *rigime* of the Hohenzollerns, repeated the same tale; the ultramontanes, savage at the rise of a Protestant power, indorsed the envoys' dispatches; and, finally, the secret agents, mixing only with men who are to Germans what Fenians are to Englishmen, struck the impression home. The war must be directed against Prussia alone, and then Hanover would rise; Saxony would rebel; Schleswig-Holstein would demand its prince; Württemberg would declare war on Prussia; Bavaria would accept Austrian advice; Germany would melt down like a waterspout under the concussion of the cannon. War was declared, war intended to crush down the German oppressor, and all Germany at the oppressor's summons rushed together as if the Hohenzollern already wore the imperial crown. Particularist and ultramontane, noble and burgher, the classes which love the past and the traders who dread military conscription, all laid aside their grievances to defend the united Fatherland. Bavaria declared war on France. Württemberg declared war on France. Saxony demanded "energetic action" against the French, and formally claimed her place in the vanguard of the battle. Hanover proclaimed in great meetings her devotion to the federation. Bremen rose in insurrection against a merchant who criticised Prussian "arrogance." Hamburg sent volunteers, and doubled the money asked. The universities on the Rhine were deserted, all students hastening to the ranks. The opposition, so jealous of the purse, so hostile to the new military system, voted twenty-five million pounds to bring that system to perfection. The wildest fanatics of liberty, with Karl Blind at their head, called on the soldier-king to defend Ger-

many with the sword. The very emigrants flying from conscription, and safely arrived in New York, returned to bear, in the "slavery" they hated, their share in the common duty of defending Germany from subjugation. From Posen to Italy, from Silesia to Cologne, the German people rose in arms. As these words reach our readers, the mobilization will be complete, and the great Teutonic people, double the number of those who won the terrible American war, stubborn as the Yankees, and as educated, organized like Frenchmen, full of knowledge and burning with zeal, with a million of trained soldiers at their advance-guard, are pouring down on France, to settle once for all whether Teuton or Latin is to be leader of the world.

Richard Lion-Heart.

There was the commanding presence which overawed opposition, and seemed to stamp him as a natural leader of men; there was the chivalrous yet somewhat stern courtesy; there was the uncompromising pride, the adventurous spirit in which the love of fame and the lawless greed of acquisition seemed to be blended in almost equal proportions; there was the devotion to a great purpose of an enthusiast, often distracted for the moment by the temptation of immediate adventure and gain, but using even these distractions as new instruments in its further prosecution; there was the thirst for battle, and the delight in the mere physical contest, befitting a wild animal rather than an intelligent being, and yet the common-sense and shrewdness of perception which could see the limits of acquisition and of fame, and could turn away from fruitless laurels. This was the character of those men who made a home for themselves in the Neustria of the Franks, and who established Norman rule in Southern Italy and Sicily—and such was the essential foundation of the character of Richard Lion-Heart. Tall, above the middle height, but more remarkable for his broad chest, and strong yet pliant sinews, he was, by general confession, *physically* the strongest of living men, as he was also physically the most inaccessible to fear and the most self-confident in his strength. On one occasion, putting to sea with a handful of followers, he hastened to the relief of Joppa, into which town the Turks had already forced their way, and were assailing the remnants of the Christian garrison. After a hasty reconnoitre, Richard drove his vessel on shore, and, raising his fierce war-cry, plunged into the midst of the masses of the enemy, and drove them out of the place. On the next day, while encamping with a few hundred horsemen outside the gates, he was suddenly assailed by thousands of the Turks. Driving back the foremost assailants, he himself clove a Turk's head down to the shoulders, and then rode along the enemy's front line, crying, "Now, who will dare to fight for the honor of God!" Years after the close of the Crusade, the Turkish mothers threatened their children with "King Richard is coming!" and the riders asked their shying horses "if they saw the lion-hearted king." His mental and moral constitution seemed as if they had been assimilated to, or almost as if they were the developments of, this physical force. He was a magnificent animal, even in his spiritual aspect. He was savage when roused to anger, and cruel, as much perhaps from the natural indifference to suffering in itself, or others of a powerful physique, as from conscious malice; but placable when the exciting cause was removed, and capable of a strong-hearted *masculine* mercy, much resembling that displayed on occasions by Rufus, with whom one modern writer has

fancied a resemblance in the character of his vices. The story of his conduct to the archer whose arrow caused his death, if not true in itself, at any rate represents what it was considered Richard was capable of, and reads very like the stories related of the strange Red King. "He ordered," says Roger de Hoveden, "Bertram de Gurdun, who had wounded him, to come into his presence, and said to him, 'What harm have I done to you that you have killed me?' On which he made answer, 'You slew my father and my two brothers with your own hand, and you had intended now to kill me; therefore, take any revenge on me that you may think fit, for I will readily endure the greatest torments you can devise, so long as you have met with your end, after having inflicted evils so many and so great upon the world.' On this the king ordered him to be released, and said, 'I forgive you my death.' But the youth stood before the feet of the king, and with scowling features and undaunted neck did his courage demand the sword. The king was aware that punishment was wished for, and that pardon was dreaded. 'Live on,' he said, 'although thou art unwilling, and by my bounty behold the light of day. To the conquered faction now let there be bright hopes, and the example of myself.' And then, after being released from his chains, he was allowed to depart, and the king ordered one hundred shillings of English money to be given him." But, if Richard was not implacable or cruel, he was a very stern man in his bearing, even when not roused to anger, and there seems to have been a gravity in his nature from which we might have expected far greater results than any which were achieved.

Pleasures of Gardening.

From an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, on "Rest," we extract the following in regard to the pleasures of the garden:

"I would recommend every man, in the autumn of his life, to take to gardening, if he has not already experienced its pleasures. Of all occupations in the world it is the one which best combines repose and activity. It is rest-in-work or work-in-rest. It is not idleness; it is not stagnation—and yet it is perfect quietude. Like all things mortal, it has its failures and its disappointments, and there are some things hard to understand. But it is never without its rewards. And, perhaps, if there were nothing but successful cultivation, the aggregate enjoyment would be less. It is better for the occasional shadows that come over the scene. The discipline, too, is most salutary. It tries one's patience, and it tries one's faith. The perpetual warfare, that seems ever to be going on between the animal and the vegetable world, is something strange and perplexing. It is hard to understand why the beautiful tender blossoms and the delicate, fresh leaflets of my rose-trees should be covered with green flies and destroyed as soon as they are born. It is a mystery which I cannot solve—but I know that there is a meaning in it, and that it is all decreed for good, only that I am too ignorant to fathom it. And even in the worst of seasons there is far more to reward and encourage than to dishearten and to disappoint. There is no day of the year without something to afford tranquil pleasure to the cultivator of flowers, something on which the mind may rest (using the word in its double sense) with profit and delight. If there is no new surprise, no fresh discovery for you, there is always something to be done. 'The garden is a constant source of amusement to us both,' wrote Dr. Arnold in one of his delightful letters—he was writing of himself and wife;

'there are always some little alterations to be made, some few spots where an additional shrub or two would be ornamental, something coming into blossom; so that I can always delight to go round and see how things are going on.' In the spring and summer there is some pleasure-giving change visible every morning, something to fulfil and something to excite expectation. And even in the winter, flower-culture has its delights. If you have a greenhouse or conservatory, no matter how small, you have an in-doors garden, in which you may watch the same changes and enjoy the same delights. And if you have not, you may still do something to preserve your nurslings during the rigors of the hibernal season. Indeed, there are few states of life in which floriculture is not an available enjoyment. To rich and to poor it is a blessing equally accessible. 'As gardening,' it was observed by Sir William Temple, who has had a new lease of life in one of the best of Macaulay's Essays, 'has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the common favorite of public and private men, a pleasure of the greatest and the care of the meanest; and indeed an employment and a possession for which no man is too high or too low.'"

The Guard on the Rhine.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY JAMES R. JOHNSON.

There swells a cry as thunders crash,
As clash of swords and breakers dash—
"To Rhine, to Rhine, to the German Rhine!"
Who will protect thee, river mine?
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

To millions swiftly came the cry,
And lightnings flashed from every eye;
Our youth so good and brave will stand
And guard thee—Holy Border Land.
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

And though my heart should beat no more,
No foreign foe will hold thy shore,
Rich, as in water is thy flood,
Is Germany in hero-blood.
Dear Fatherland let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

Uplooked he to the heaven's blue
Where hero-dead our actions view;
He swore and proudly sought the strife—
"The Rhine is German as my life!"
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

While yet one drop of blood throbs warm,
To wield the sword remains one arm.
To hold the rifle yet one hand,
No foeman steps upon the strand.
Loved Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

The oath resounds, the billows run,
Our colors flutter in the sun;
"To Rhine, to Rhine, to the German Rhine,"
We will protect thee, river mine!
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

A Dog Story.

A correspondent in Tennessee, who had read in the *JOURNAL* the story of the discovery of the properties of chloroform by observing its effect on a dog, sends us the following: "During the late war I spent an evening with a Confederate general, formerly an artillery officer of the United States Army. He related that about the time chloroform was discovered or brought into use, he was stationed with Colonel Charles May, the dashing cavalry officer, at some fort among the Indians on the Western plains. Colonel May had procured a quantity of the drug, and told some Indians, who happened to visit him, that he could kill a man and restore him to life. He proposed to make an experiment on one of them. They shook their heads, and scowled refusal, but pointed to a little dog in their possession, and said, 'Dog, dog,' expressing a willingness that he should make it the subject of his operations. Colonel May took up the dog, carried it into another room, and administered chloroform. The dog was rendered insensible, and apparently dead. In this condition it was brought out and exhibited to the Indians, who looked at it with great astonishment. In order to convince them that the dog was really dead, Colonel May cut off a short piece of its tail, and, if the animal showed the least signs of animation, he would apply chloroform afresh, and cut off another piece of tail. The cutting process went on until the entire tail was gone. Having, beyond question, killed the dog, the next thing was to make it alive. The colonel bore it into the back-room, and kept it there until it recovered from the influence of the chloroform, perhaps aiding its revival by dashing cold water upon its face. He then returned with the dog into the apartment where the Indians were seated, and cast it on the floor before them, when the little animal darted through the door and ran away. The Indians sprang to their feet with a grunt of astonishment, and followed in pursuit, but were too much scared to come back. This was not the end of the affair. My informant stated that, three years afterward, he was crossing the Plains, attended by a small escort, when he suddenly came in sight of a party of Indians travelling in the opposite direction. Each company ran to a little eminence and scrutinized the other, in order to find out if they were friends or enemies. The matter continued in doubt, till at length one of the Indians raised an arm and performed certain motions and gestures, at the same time displaying a small object which he had in his hand. He was making signs that he recognized the white officer, and that they were friends. On mingling with them, the officer found that the object which had been held up to view, as a token of recognition and friendship, was a piece of the dog's tail cut off by Colonel May."

The Finance of the War.

It may help us to a better idea of the great contest which has now begun if we look at its probable cost and the resources of the combatants to meet it. It is clear, we think, that the war for the time it lasts must be one of the most costly which has ever been waged. This is an inevitable consequence of the magnitude of the armies that are to fight. When two great states go to war with four or five hundred thousand men in the field apiece, and as many more on foot in reserve, the expense of keeping such engines going must be on an unprecedented scale. In point of fact, recent European contests, though the conscription diminishes the charge in the budget of the state, have been very expensive affairs. The Italian War of 1859 cost France at least twenty million pounds, though it lasted only six weeks, and France made no such efforts as she will now be called upon to make. Prussia, in 1866, spent nearly as much on three weeks' actual campaigning, and, in spite of requisitions on all her neighbors, recourse to borrowing was still necessary to make good the exhaustion of her treasury. But Prussia in 1866 was only half the power with which France now enters the lists, and had no equal antagonist to cope with. It is plain that, if these previous wars, short as they were, were so expensive, the cost to either combatant will now be vastly in excess.

What it may mount up to, we almost fear to put into figures. The Parliament of each power has begun by voting credits for twenty-five million pounds or rather more apiece; but even these large sums will be mere instalments. The only parallel we can think of is that of the American Civil War, when the North, which by itself was hardly so great a state as either France or Prussia, kept a million men under arms at a cost of not less than two hundred million pounds a year. Much of this expense was caused by high pay, and bounties, and waste, not likely to be so heavy under the better organization of the combatants now engaged; but, if we say a hundred million pounds a year to keep a million men fighting in Europe, we should be far within the mark. The normal army-budget of either combatant is nearly fifteen million pounds, and war will at once treble and quadruple this by increasing the men under arms who have to be equipped and fed. On this account alone, there will be an additional expense of twenty million or twenty-five million pounds to each state by the change from a "peace" to a war footing, and it is not extravagant to estimate the wear and tear of a war—the ammunition spent, the gunpowder blown away, the loss of *matériel*, the cost of transport, the extra expenditure for supplies in haste—to be at least double that amount. That the war will cost each party from six million to ten million pounds a month, besides its ordinary war-budget, is a very moderate calculation.

Parliamentary Filibustering.

The system of party tactics in legislative bodies by which the minority strives to weary out the majority, if not invented in this country, at least received here its name of filibustering. The English have adopted it, like many other Yankee notions. A few weeks ago the opposition in the House of Commons resorted to filibustering to weary out the majority on the ballot bill. The session was prolonged all night, and the members who remained to the end walked home by daylight. It was an exceedingly good-natured assembly, considering the circumstances. The slightest witicism was sufficient to move the House to a roar of laughter. Gentlemen who have had fifteen years' experience in the Commons declare that they never knew the House to laugh so boisterously as at the motion of a member that the gas be turned off, as daylight had appeared! Two sparrows flew in at an open window and caused a renewal of the laughter, although it is very difficult to understand what there was in the incident particularly amusing. The opponents of the bill were gradually tired out, instead of outlasting the friends of it; and, on the last of fourteen divisions, there were but nineteen left to vote against the reform. The House had been in committee all this time, and, when the ballot bill was finally passed in committee, the speaker was not forthcoming to take the chair. The chairman of the committee was accordingly obliged to receive his own report, and the House adjourned at a quarter past five o'clock in the morning.

The French Soldier.

Although the foot-soldier has a much lighter weapon in the chassépot than in the old muzzle-loader, he still has to carry on his back and shoulders a weight of about seventy pounds French—that is, upward of one-third of the regulation weight carried by a sumpter-mule:

First, there is the chassépot, seven and a half pounds; the sword, bayonet, and scabbard, three pounds; ten pounds of ammunition, distributed partly in two pouches and partly in

his knapsack; a pair of shoes; a four-pound loaf of bread; a canvas bag slung over the left shoulder, and containing any creature comforts the man may have procured; it was empty in many cases, but my friend carried in it a pound of tobacco, some cigars, a flask of brandy, a good-sized veal-and-ham-pie, and a string of *cervelas à l'ail*. Over the knapsack—first, a great-coat; secondly, a blanket; thirdly, his share of the canvas for the *tente d'abri*, and sticks for the same; and fourthly, a huge camp-kettle. Inside the knapsack he had a second pair of trousers, combs, brushes, needles, thread, buttons, a pair of gloves, a couple of pairs of socks, and three shirts; in addition, a flask capable of containing about a quart of liquid is slung over the right shoulder. A long march with such a weight must incapacitate all but the very strongest men; and it is only too easy to understand how it happens that knapsacks and *impedimenta* are invariably dropped the moment the first shot is fired. In the French army the practice is generally to order the men to lay down their knapsacks on going into action, but the stamina of the men has been tried to the uttermost, before they get up to the front, by the carrying of such monstrous loads. Picked men may stand it, but it is sufficient to look at an average regiment of the line, after a few miles' marching, to form an opinion of this vicious system of overloading, for the maintenance of which that sturdy old veteran, "General Routine," is alone to blame.

The Prussian Company.

In the campaign of 1866, the Prussian formation of the company-column was, to the military student, an object of interest only second to the needle-gun. Every Prussian battalion consists of four companies, each numbering two hundred and fifty men. The company is formed into two divisions or pelotons, four subdivisions, eight sections; but, if the company numbers as many as sixty-four files, it is cut up into four divisions, eight subdivisions, sixteen sections. The company-column is a column of subdivisions, eight in number (if the company be on a footing of war strength), drawn up in two ranks, the original third rank of the company, when acting in line, now forming an extra division for skirmishing purposes. The battalion, when ordered to form column of companies, represents a line of four columns, each column showing a front of at least eight men and a depth of sixteen men, the two centre companies sometimes forming a double column. The companies act quite independently of each other, sometimes being at an interval of a hundred yards. The captain is at the head of his company in front, each subdivision being led on its right flank by a subaltern or by a non-commissioned officer. The colors are in rear of the seventh subdivision of the third company. Thus formed, the Prussians believe two hundred and fifty men, led by a Prussian captain, can do all that a whole battalion of another army otherwise formed can effect. The French tacticians find great fault with this system, alleging that it causes confusion from the crowding of the rear subdivisions, and that the attack resolves itself into a number of isolated engagements sustained by leaders of companies, the commander of the battalion losing all supervision over his men. This opinion is held also by some Prussian officers of experience who served in the war of 1865.

A Smaller Dwarf than Tom Thumb.

The smallest dwarf in the world has lately been admitted into the Bethnal Green Workhouse, England, in a dying state. He is thirty-

two years of age, and his name is William Saletto. He has been measured by the medical officers and found to be only thirty-one inches in height. It seems that in 1863 his father met a Frenchman named Phillip Lemure, who prevailed on him to give up his business and exhibit his son as the smallest dwarf existing, he being one inch less in height than General Tom Thumb. The father consented, for a salary of two pounds a week, to allow the Frenchman to take all the profits from any exhibition. The dwarf first made his appearance at Rosherville Gardens. After that he was taken on a tour through England. He was also received by several noblemen and county families. One gentleman presented him with a watch and chain, which, to his great sorrow, he no longer possesses. He then went to Paris, where, among other illustrious personages, he was introduced to the Emperor of the French at the Tuileries. He was afterward shown to the present King of the Belgians. He then returned to England, where he was exhibited at several entertainments.

London.

M. Charles Hugo, son of Victor, who has been paying London a visit, describes his impressions in the *Paris Rappet*. He found there "four million men, and not a single lounge. A feverish and phlegmatic circulation in a fog. Every one rushing in pursuit of business, for time is money: the second is worth a shilling, the minute a guinea. Every thing circulates pell-mell—the penny boat on the river, the wagon in the street. One has a railway overhead, another under foot; a railway to the right, a railway to the left. The Thames runs between two trains, one of which passes over, the other under the river. The penny boats have a locomotive under the chimney and another under their wheels." We are then told that St. Paul's looks as if it were built of sugar, Westminster of pasteboard, and the Tower of London of dominoes. The police are dressed in green. Now and then there is a red soldier with his hair parted behind and a stick in his hand. High over the trees of Hyde Park rises the equestrian statue of Wellington, with his cocked hat under his arm. "Sugar all this over with three hundred thousand women of bad character, and you have London—a prodigious nightmare, where every thing is of iron, mud, coal, and rain, where tunnels are suspended and bridges are subterranean, whose houses are tombs, and shopkeepers phantoms."

Mortality of Missionaries.

It is commonly believed that the work of foreign missions is much more fatal to the wives of the missionaries than to the missionaries themselves. Certainly, we hear very frequently of individuals returning from the missionary field and going out again with second wives. The *Independent*, however, gives statistics which show that, of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Board, forty-two have been from ten to thirty-five years in the field, and twenty-nine have been married but once, and thirteen more than once. There are five widows of missionaries in the field, while nineteen have returned to this country, and some others have remarried there. In Corisco, West Africa, with thirteen male and seventeen female missionaries, two more of the former have died than of the latter. In China, since 1842, fifty males and forty-eight females have been engaged, and twelve males and six females have died. In other countries there has been a greater mortality among the females, but the average is almost the same of each. In Asia there have been laboring one hundred and

thirty-three males and one hundred and forty-four females, and there have died twenty-seven males and thirty-one females. Of the one hundred and five missionaries that have died since 1833, the males numbered fifty-two, the females fifty-three. It is not true that mission-life is especially fatal to females.

Family Differences.

Perhaps on the whole we have more cause to wonder at the infrequency of conspicuous family disunion than at its existence in the degree which experience shows us. Nothing so convinces us of the strength of the tie of consanguinity as the tugs we see it bear. We are oftener surprised at what people will put up with from one and another under the bond of relationship, how they will bear with the unbearable, how the black sheep holds his ground, than at breaches and scandals when they do occur. We constantly see persons endured by their families who are unendurable to everybody else, and who certainly do not secure this toleration by any pains on their part, by being any pleasanter at home than they are abroad. A bad temper expands, grows, expatiates in the family circle, and all bow to it. A brutal brother lords it over the women of the house. An odious woman embitters the life of her parents and spoils the prospects of her amiable sisters. Self-conceit puffs and swells in an inverse ratio to success and desert; selfishness in its lowest and most offensive form is submitted to, and by submission fostered, which, indulged elsewhere, would condemn a man to absolute isolation.

A Brilliant Repartee.

One morning after the *campagne* of Dresden, Napoleon observed Talleyrand at his levee, and bade him remain, as he wished to talk privately with him. After the company had gone, he went up to Talleyrand and bawled: "What have you come here for! To show me your ingratitude! You give the public to believe that you belong to a party in opposition! You think, I dare say, that were I to die you would be president of the Council of Regency. Now, mark my words. Were I so much as dangerously ill, the first thing I should do would be to have you shot." Talleyrand, with the grace and quiet of a courtier who had just received new favors, bowed low and respectfully as he replied: "I did not require, sire, such a warning to address most fervent prayers to Heaven to vouchsafe health and long life to your majesty."

Natural Portraits.

The famous "profile" in the White Mountains of New Hampshire is by no means a solitary instance of natural portraits of the human visage. There is a mountain in the neighborhood of Ems, in Germany, which so much resembles Bismarck in its outlines, that it has been nicknamed the Bismarckskopf. Such a resemblance is by no means rare. Close to Paris, Mont Valerien, if examined from the Nanterre side, presents a startling resemblance to M. Thiers. Besides Mont Blanc, mountains in the Pyrenees, in the Tyrolean Alps, and elsewhere, were supposed to furnish portraits of Napoleon the First. There is a hill-side visible from a coach-road in the Isle of Wight, the outlines of which recall with striking exactitude the features of the late Lord Brougham. In old Paris, a group of houses in the Rue du Vieux Colombier seemed the exact likeness of M. Garnier Pages. The roofs represented his flowing hair, a gallery his forehead, and his collar was portrayed by some chimney-tops of the Petite Rue Turenne. The minister of the provisional government was very proud of

this likeness, and when his guests used to praise an oil-picture of him in his dining-room, M. Garnier Pages always replied that, though a good likeness, it was not equal to that of the houses in the Rue du Vieux Colombier.

The Sculptor Story.

A letter-writer from Rome gives the following sketch of the habits of William W. Story: "This celebrated sculptor-poet, whose sculpture Disraeli has commemorated in his 'Lothair,' divides his day between his two passions. He takes his breakfast, or collation, as the Italians call the early morning meal, alone, and spends the morning in his library with his books. After luncheon he goes to his studio, and gives the mid-day and afternoon to modelling. The evenings belong to his family and the world, for Story is essentially a society-man, has every *salon*-charm, is a capital talker, a generous, fresh listener, and possesses as many accomplishments as if he had no greater claim to fame than any ordinary elegant man of fashion. He is a charming actor in drawing-room theatricals, and is also an excellent musician. Such versatility of genius as Story possesses is as remarkable as his acknowledged eminence in sculpture." It should be added that, in addition to all these accomplishments, Story is the author of two or three tolerably-successful law-books, and has edited and revised his father's numerous works on legal science.

The Jews in Poland.

Warsaw, according to the census of 1869, contained on the 31st of December a population of 255,000 inhabitants, of whom 189,000 were residents. Of the residents, 68,000 were Israelites—more than the third part of the whole fixed population. In 1860 the Jews numbered only 43,000 in a total of 161,000. While the Christian population of the city during the ten years increased from 118,723 to 121,000, representing a gain of two per cent., the Israelites rose from 42,639 to 68,000, and thus gained in the interval no less than sixty per cent. According to Russian official statistics, the Jews of the kingdom of Poland, during the last fifty years, have increased two hundred per cent., and the Christians only eighty per cent. If this movement continues, the Polish Israelites will be as numerous as the Catholics before a hundred years; and in a century and a half they will exceed in number the members of all the Christian communities of the kingdom put together.

Blucher on the Rhine.

—BY REPUBLIC.

'Twas on the Rhine the armies lay;
"To France or not? is't yea or nay?"
They pondered long, and pondered well;
At length old Blucher broke the spell:
"Bring here the map to me!
The road to France is straight and free.
Where is the foe?"—"The foe! why, here!"
"We'll beat him! Forward! Never fear!
Say, where lies Paris?"—"Paris! here!"
"We'll take it! Forward! Never fear!
So throw the bridge across the Rhine;
Methinks the Frenchman's sparkling wine
Will taste the best where grows the vine!"

A Girl-Graduate.

A correspondent in Paris thus describes the event of a lady graduating in medicine in the College of France: "Miss Garrett, of London, was the recipient of the degree, and the ceremony took place in the Salle des Etats. The lady wore the traditional gown and bands hitherto reserved on such occasions for the ruder

sex, and I must say that, in this attire, she presented a most pleasing appearance. Her friends must have been highly gratified to hear how her judges congratulated her on her success, and to see what sympathy and respect were shown to her by all present on the occasion. The hall was literally crowded with students, and, on Miss Garrett's crossing the court-yard to leave the school, I observed with pleasure that almost all the students gallantly bowed to their lady *cofrère*."

Gold in Circulation.

The quantity of gold in circulation throughout the world at different periods has been estimated as follows:

At the beginning of the Christian era.....	\$425,000,000
At the time of the discovery of America.....	37,000,000
In 1600.....	105,000,000
" 1700.....	350,000,000
" 1800.....	1,123,000,000
" 1843.....	2,000,000,000
" 1853.....	3,000,000,000
" 1870.....	6,000,000,000

The whole of the last mentioned sum, melted down, could be contained in a cube measuring twenty-six feet on the side.

Wholesale Baptism.

Strolling into the old church at Manchester, I heard a strange noise, which I should elsewhere have mistaken for the bleating of lambs. Going to the spot, a distant aisle, I found two rows of women standing in files, each with a babe in her arms. The minister went down the line, sprinkling each infant as he went. I suppose the efficiency of the sprinkling—I mean the fact that the water did touch—was evidenced by a distinct squeal from each. Words were muttered by the priest on his course, but one prayer served for all. This I thought to be a christening by wholesale; and I could not repress the irreverent thought that, being in the metropolis of manufactures, the aid of steam or machinery might be called in. I was told that on Sunday evenings the ceremony is repeated.—*Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson.*

The Force of the Sea.

During a succession of severe storms and hurricanes which recently swept over the north coast of Scotland, and which lasted the greater portion of three days and three nights, the splendid new breakwater, in course of construction at the harbor of Wick, was battered down by the strength and fury of the waves, the largest of which measured from forty to fifty feet in height. The mole and parapet of the breakwater, which measured one hundred and fifty yards in length, and which was constructed at a cost of five hundred thousand dollars, is now reduced to a shapeless mass.

Varieties.

A LAWYER retained in a case of assault and battery was cross-examining a witness in relation to a blow struck. "What kind of a blow was given?" "A blow of the common kind." "Describe it." "I am not good at descriptions." "Show me what kind of a blow it was." "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the court. The court told the witness that, if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. "I do." "Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow!" at the same time knocking over the disciple of Coke.

The number of Chinese in the country at the end of 1869 was estimated at ninety thou-

sand, among whom were but five thousand women and two thousand children. Since immigration began in 1848, one hundred and thirty-eight thousand have come to the United States, of whom thirty-eight thousand have returned to China, and about ten thousand have died. Of the number at present in the country, about one-half are in California, twenty-five thousand in other Pacific States and Territories, while fully fifteen thousand have crossed the Rocky Mountains.

It is said that a Milwaukee sausage-maker has the following placarded over his counter:

"Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup!
Drinking his milk from a china cup;
Gambolling round so frisky and free,
First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea;
Jumping,
Running

After the pony;
Beautiful pup, you will soon be bologna!"

While Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument, his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders, stood behind him. The judge observed that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, turning to his colleague, "I can refer your lordship to a *high* authority, who was once intended for the church, though, in my opinion, he was fitter for the steeple."

Judge Grier, late of the United States Court, used to relate the story of a rhetorical fight to which he listened when sitting as one of a bench of five judges in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. "Here," said the tyro, "your honors sit, like eagles chained to a rock, while the stream of justice flows down from your feet." "It must be a very dirty stream," whispered Judge Grier's next neighbor, "for brother — never washes his feet."

A story is told of a Cambridge professor in England who was asked to call on a friend in London, an address being given him in a certain square. Some time afterward the professor was asked by his friend why he had not been to see him, and his answer was: "I did come, but there was some mistake; you told me you lived in a square, and I found myself in a parallelogram, and so I went away again."

Some singular facts concerning the different stimulants used by eminent men are given by an English writer, Dr. Paris, in his "Pharmacologia." Hobbes drank cold water when he was desirous of making a strong intellectual effort. Newton smoked, Bonaparte took snuff, Pope strong coffee, Byron gin-and-water. Wedderburn, the first Lord Ashburton, always placed a blister on his chest when he had to make a great speech.

A Minnesota pig was sunstruck lately, but will root out his brief existence in the enjoyment of health and happiness. The owner split open the pig's head and filled up the gash with salt, working a complete cure. But the plan might not always be so successful.

A writer in a Dublin medical journal says that many sworn teetotallers in Ireland have acquired the habit of intoxicating themselves with ether. The annual consumption of the liquor in the region about Belfast is four thousand gallons.

Much trouble would be saved if people would heed the following sentence in "Lothair": "Never you sign a paper without reading it first, and knowing well what it means."

The "girl of the period" in Arkansas is described as thirteen years old, shoeless, bonnetless, stockingless, and with the sheriff after her for stealing a horse.

"No man in England thinks of blacking his own boots," said an Englishman to Mr. Lincoln. "Whose boots does he black?" quietly asked the President.

The British Museum Library contains one million six hundred thousand volumes, and is doubling itself every fifteen years.

The colleges, as a whole, this year, are flourishing. Their classes are larger, in pro-

portion to the population of the country, than they were even twenty years ago.

Some of the Western people are starting watering-places on the shores of the great lakes. Many of the sites are said to be very attractive.

A robber in Tennessee sent an impecunious victim home for his money, but the victim returned with a double-barrelled shot-gun instead, and shot the confiding robber.

The Congressional Library has a complete set of the *London Gazette* in more than two hundred volumes, from its commencement in 1665, to the present time.

A young lady, about to be married, says she will not promise to "love, honor, and obey," but will say, instead, "love, honor, and be gay."

Five hundred Germans have already sailed from New York, to join the Prussian army, paying their own expenses.

A writer says that it was shameful for Napoleon to leave Eugénie and go to Nancy, seeking another engagement.

There are eight girls in the Michigan Agricultural College, who have to work in the field three hours daily, just as the young men do.

Nicholas Longworth once purchased the business portion of the city of Cincinnati for the value of a horse.

Of a man who recently died it is said: "His name will be remembered wherever his deeds and mortgages are known."

Florida boasts that its average noonday temperature during July was only eighty-four degrees.

Within the last ten years Nova Scotia has produced nearly four million four hundred thousand dollars worth of gold.

Dumas, the elder, is the guest of a wealthy Madrid banker, who has engaged him to write a history of modern Spain.

The latest marriage announcements read thus: "No cards, no cake, no presents, no wedding trip, no honeymoon, no divorce."

"What is often called indolence," says Henry Crabb Robinson, "is in fact the unconscious consciousness of incapacity."

Cincinnati claims to be the fourth manufacturing city in the United States, only Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, excelling it.

There were seventy-five brides at dinner at one Niagara hotel the other day.

The Museum.

WE illustrated, last week, the geological period known as the Keuper. We depict, this week, two formidable marine animals found in the Lias Period. The Lias is a subdivision of the Jurassic Period (*Lias* and the *Oolite*), which is further subdivided into Lower, Middle, and Upper formations, and these again, are divided into zones. The Lower Lias consists of thin layers of blue, argillaceous limestone, alternating with shales and clay, and overlaid with blue clay; the Middle Lias, of marlstone, surrounded by a bed of oolitic ironstone; the Upper Lias, of blue clay and yellow sands, underlying the limestone of the Inferior oolite. This period is very rich in fossils, and is remarkable for its gigantic reptiles, of which the *ichthyosaurus* and *plesiosaurus* are the most noted.

The *ichthyosaurus*—a Greek term, signifying fish-lizard—united in itself the snout of a porpoise, the head of a lizard, the jaws and teeth of a crocodile, the vertebrae of a fish, the sternum of the *ornithorhynchus*, the paddles of a whale, and the trunk and tail of a quadruped. It was an animal exclusively marine, which, on

shore, would rest motionless like an inert mass. Its whale-like paddles and fish-like vertebrae, the length of the tail and other parts of its structure, prove that its habits were aquatic, as the remains of fishes and reptiles, and the form of its teeth, show that it was carnivorous. Like the whale, the *ichthyosaurus* breathed atmospheric air, so that it was under the necessity of coming frequently to the surface of the water. Its dimensions varied with the species, of which five are known and described, the largest being more than thirty feet in length. Its short, thick neck supported a capacious head, and was continued backward, from behind the eyes, in a vertebral column of more than a hundred vertebrae. The animal being adapted, like the whale, for rapid movement through the water, its vertebrae had none of the invariable solidity of those of the lizard or crocodile, but rather the structure and lightness of those of fishes. Both its anterior and posterior members were converted into fins or paddles. The anterior fins were half as large again as the posterior. In some species each paddle was made up of nearly a hundred bones, of polygonal form, disposed in series representing the phalanges of the fingers. It cannot be said with certainty whether the skin was smooth, like that of the whale, or covered with scales, like the great reptiles of our own age. The eyes were of immense size, larger than the human head, and of great optical power. There is a splendid specimen of the *ichthyosaurus* in the British Museum, discovered in Devonshire, in 1811, by a country-girl, who made her precarious living by picking up fossils, for which the neighborhood was famous. She was, on an occasion, pursuing her avocation, hammer in hand, when she perceived some bones projecting a little out of the cliff. Finding, on examination, that it was part of a large skeleton, she cleared away the rubbish, and found the whole creature embedded in the block of stone. She hired workmen to dig out the block of lias in which it was buried. In this manner was the first of these monsters brought to light: "A monster some thirty feet long, with jaws nearly a fathom in length, and huge saucer-eyes, which have since been found so perfect, that the petrified lenses have been split off, as a writer in *All the Year Round* assures us, and used as magnifiers."

The name of *plesiosaurus* (from the Greek words *πλεος*, near, and *σαυρος*, lizard) reminds us that this animal, though presenting many peculiarities of general structure, is nearly allied by its organization to the Saurian or lizard family, and consequently to the *ichthyosaurus*.

The *plesiosaurus* presents in its structure and organs the most curious assemblage we have met with among the organic vestiges of the ancient world. One author has compared it to a serpent threaded through the shell of a turtle. Let us remark, however, that there is here no carapace, or scales. The *plesiosaurus* was a marine, air-breathing, carnivorous reptile, combining the characters of the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, a neck of excessive length, resembling that of a swan, the ribs of a chameleon, a body of moderate size, and a very short tail, and finally four paddles resembling those of a whale. Let us bestow a glance upon the remains of this strange animal which the earth has revealed, and which science has restored to us.

The head of the *plesiosaurus* presents a combination of the characters belonging to the *ichthyosaurus*, the crocodile, and the lizard. Its enormously long neck comprises a greater number of vertebrae than the neck of either the camel, the giraffe, or even the swan, which, of all the feathered race, has the longest neck in comparison to the rest of the body. The body

is cylindrical, like that of the great marine turtles, but was probably not covered with scales. It was enabled, like the whale and existing cetaceans, to sink in the water and rise at pleasure; and, like them, it respired

atmospheric air. The *plesiosaurus* may have occasionally visited the shore; but it must have been very awkward on the land. It probably swam on or near the surface of the water, curling back its long neck like the swan, and

occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach. The *plesiosaurus* was probably not so large as the *ichthyosaurus*, the specimen in the British Museum being twenty-four feet.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Scene of the Lias with Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus.

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"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in *Supplements*, once a month, the first issued being with No. 43, and has been continued in supplements accompanying Nos. 46, 50, 54, 59, 63, 67, and 72.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, is also now publishing in this JOURNAL, each monthly part, as published in England, issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete. Part First appeared with Journal No. 56; Part Second with No. 61; Part Third with No. 65; Part Fourth with No. 70; Part Fifth with No. 74.

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT NO. IX.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF AUGUST 13.] *

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOGGS, PURITY, AND THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

MR. TRIGGER had hinted that Ontario Moggs would be a thorn in the flesh of Mr. Westmacott's supporters at Percycross, and he had been right. Ontario was timid, hesitating, and not unfrequently brow-beaten in the social part of his work at the election. Though he made great struggles, he could neither talk, nor walk, nor eat, nor sit, as though he were the equal of his colleague. But when they came to politics and political management, there was no holding him. He would make speeches when speeches were not held to be desirable by his committee, and he was loud upon topics as to which it was thought that no allusion whatever should have been made. To talk about the ballot had from the first been conceded to Moggs. Mr. Westmacott was, indeed, opposed to the ballot; but it had been a matter of course that the candidate of the people should support that measure. The ballot would have been a safety-valve. But Moggs was so cross-grained, ill-conditioned, and uncontrollable, that he would not let the ballot suffice him. The ballot was almost nothing to him. Strikes and bribery were his great subjects; the beauty of the one and the ugliness of the

other. The right of the laborer to combine with his brother laborers to make his own terms for his labor, was the great lesson he taught. The suicidal iniquity of the laborer in selling that political power which he should use to protect his labor was the source of his burning indignation. That labor was the

salt of the earth he told the men of Percycross very often—and he told them as often that manliness and courage were necessary to make that salt productive. Gradually the men of Percycross—some said that they were only the boys of Percycross—clustered round him, and learned to like to listen to him.

They came to understand something of the character of the man who was almost too shame-faced to speak to them while he was being dragged round to their homes on his canvas, but whom nothing could repress when he was on his legs with a crowd before him. It was in vain that the managing agent told him that he would not get a vote by his spouting and shouting. On such occasions he hardly answered a word to the managing agent. But the spouting and shouting went on just the same, and was certainly popular among the bootmakers and tanners. Mr. Westmacott was asked to interfere, and did so once in some mild fashion; but Ontario replied that, having been called to this sphere of action, he could only do his duty according to his own lights. The young men's presidents, and secretaries, and chairmen, were for a while somewhat frightened, having been assured by the managing men of the liberal committee that the election would be lost by the furious insanity of their candidate. But they decided upon supporting Moggs, having



"The big loaf—that's what we want," said one mother of many children, taking Sir Thomas by the hand."

Chapter XXV.

* RALPH THE HEIR has appeared in Supplements to the JOURNAL, accompanying Nos. 43, 46, 50, 54, 59, 63, 67, and 73.

found that they would be deposed from their seats if they discarded him. At last, when the futile efforts to control Moggs had been maintained with patience for something over a week, when it still wanted four or five days to the election, an actual split was made in the liberal camp. Moggs was turned adrift by the Westmacottian faction. Bills were placarded about the town explaining the cruel necessity for such action, and describing Moggs as a revolutionary firebrand. And now there were three parties in the town. Mr. Trigger rejoiced over this greatly with Mr. Griffenbottom. "If they haven't been and cut their throats now it is a wonder," he said, over and over again. Even Sir Thomas caught something of the feeling of triumph, and began almost to hope that he might be successful. Nevertheless the number of men who could not quite make up their minds as to what duty required of them till the day of the election was considerable, and Mr. Pile triumphantly whispered into Mr. Trigger's ear his conviction that, "after all, things weren't going to be changed at Percycross quite so easily as some people supposed."

When Moggs was utterly discarded by the respectable leaders of the liberal party in the borough—turned out of the liberal inn at which were the headquarters of the party, and refused the right of participating in the liberal breakfasts and dinners which were there provided, Moggs felt himself to be a triumphant martyr. His portmanteau and hat-box were carried by an admiring throng down to the Cordwainers' Arms—a house not, indeed, of the highest repute in the town—and here a separate committee was formed. Mr. Westmacott did his best to avert the secession; but his supporters were inexorable. The liberal tradesmen of Percycross would have nothing to do with a candidate who declared that inasmuch as a man's mind was more worthy than a man's money, labor was more worthy than capital, and that therefore the men should dominate and rule their masters. That was a doctrine necessarily abominable to every master-tradesman. The men were to decide how many hours they would work, what recreation they would have, in what fashion and at what rate they would be paid, and what proportion of profit should be allowed to the members, and masters, and creators of the firm! That was the doctrine that Moggs was preaching. The tradesmen of Percycross, whether liberal or conservative, did not understand much in the world of politics, but they did understand that such a doctrine as that, if carried out, would take them to a very Gehenna of revolutionary desolation. And so Moggs was banished from the Northern Star, the inn at which Mr. Westmacott was living, and was forced to set up his radical staff at the Cordwainers' Arms.

In one respect he certainly gained much by this persecution. The record of his election doings would have been confined to the columns of the *Percycross Herald*, had he carried on his candidature after the usual fashion; but, as it was now, his doings were

blazoned in the London newspapers. The *Daily News* reported him, and gave him an article all to himself; and even the *Times* condescended to make an example of him, and to bring him up as evidence that revolutionary doctrines were distasteful to the electors of the country generally. The fame of Ontario Moggs certainly became more familiar to the ears of the world at large than it would have done had he continued to run in a pair with Mr. Westmacott. And that was every thing to him. Polly Neefit must hear of him now that his name had become a household word in the London newspapers.

And in another respect he gained much. All personal canvassing was now at an end for him. There could be no use in his going about from house to house asking for votes. Indeed, he had discovered that to do so was a thing iniquitous in itself, a demoralizing practice tending to falsehood, intimidation, and corruption—a thing to be denounced, and he denounced it. Let the men of Percycross hear him, question him in public, learn from his spoken words what were his political principles—and then vote for him if they pleased. He would condescend to ask a vote as a favor from no man. It was for them rather to ask him to bestow upon them the gift of his time, and such ability as he possessed. He took a very high tone indeed in his speeches, and was saved the labor of parading the streets. During these days he looked down from an immeasurable height on the truckling, mean, sordid doings of Griffenbottom, Honeywood, and Westmacott. A huge board had been hoisted over the somewhat low frontage of the Cordwainers' Arms, and on this was painted in letters two feet high a legend which it delighted him to read, MOGGS, PURITY, AND THE RIGHTS OF LABOR. Ah, if that could only be understood, there was enough in it to bring back an age of gold to suffering humanity! No other reform would be needed. In that short legend every thing necessary for man was contained.

Mr. Pile and Mr. Trigger stood together one evening looking at the legend from a distance. "Moggs and purity!" said Mr. Pile, in that tone of disgust, and with that peculiar action, which had become common to him in speaking of this election.

"He hasn't a ghost of a chance," said Mr. Trigger, who was always looking straight at the main point—"nor yet hasn't Westmacott."

"There's worse than Westmacott," said Mr. Pile.

"But what can we do?" said Trigger.

"Purity! Purity!" said the old man.

"It makes me that sick that I wish there weren't such a thing as a member of Parliament. Purity and pickpockets is about the same. When I'm among 'em I button up my breeches-pockets."

"But what can we do?" asked Mr. Trigger, again, in a voice of woe. Mr. Trigger quite sympathized with his elder friend; but, being a younger man, he knew that these innovations must be endured.

Then Mr. Pile made a speech, of such length that he had never been known to make the like before—so that Mr. Trigger felt that things had become very serious, and that, not impossibly, Mr. Pile might be so affected by this election as never again to hold up his head in Percycross. "Purity! Purity!" he repeated. "They're a going on that way, Trigger, that the country soon won't be fit for a man to live in. And what's the meaning of it all? It's just this, that folks wants what they wants without paying for it. I hate Purity, I do. I hate the very smell of it. When I see the chaps as come here and talk of Purity, I know they mean that nothing ain't to be as it used to be. Nobody is to trust no one. There ain't to be nothing warm, nor friendly, nor comfortable any more. This Sir Thomas you've brought down is just as bad as that shoemaking chap—worse if any thing. I know what's a-going on inside him. I can see it. If a man takes a glass of wine out of his bottle, he's a asking himself if that ain't bribery and corruption! He's got a handle to his name, and money, I suppose, and comes down here without knowing a click or a child. Why isn't a poor man, as can't hardly live, to have his three half-crowns or fifteen shillings, as things may go, for voting for a stranger such as him? I'll tell you what it is, Trigger, I've done with it. Things have come to that in the borough, that I'll meddle and make no more." Mr. Trigger, as he listened to this eloquence, could only sigh and shake his head. "I did think it would last my time," added Mr. Pile, almost weeping.

Moggs would steal out of the house in the early morning, look up at the big bright red letters, and rejoice in his very heart of hearts. He had not lived in vain, when his name had been joined, in the public view of men, with words so glorious. Purity and the Rights of Labor! "It contains just every thing," said Moggs to himself as he sat down to his modest, lonely breakfast. After that, sitting with his hands clasped upon his brow, disdaining the use of pen and paper for such work, he composed his speech for the evening—a speech framed with the purpose of proving to his hearers that Purity and the Rights of Labor combined would make them as angels upon the earth. As for himself, Moggs, he explained in his speech—analyzing the big board which adorned the house—it mattered little whether they did or did not return him. But let them be always persistent in returning on every possible occasion Purity and the Rights of Labor, and then all other good things would follow to them. He enjoyed at any rate that supreme delight which a man feels when he thoroughly believes his own doctrine.

But the days were very long with him. When the evening came, when his friends were relieved from their toil, and could assemble here and there through the borough to hear him preach to them, he was happy enough. He had certainly achieved so much that they preferred him now to their own presidents and chairmen. There was an en-

thusiasm for Moggs among the laboring-men of Percycross, and he was always happy while he was addressing them. But the hours in the morning were long, and sometimes melancholy. Though all the town was busy with these electioneering doings, there was nothing for him to do. His rivals canvassed, consulted, roamed through the town—as he could see—filching votes from him. But he, too noble for such work as that, sat there alone in the little up-stairs parlor of the Cordwainers' Arms, thinking of his speech for the evening—thinking, too, of Polly Neeft. And then, of a sudden, it occurred to him that it would be good to write a letter to Polly from Percycross. Surely, the fact that he was waging this grand battle would have some effect upon her heart. So he wrote the following letter, which reached Polly about a week after her return home from Margate:

"CORDWAINERS' ARMS INN, PERCYCROSS,
14th October, 186-.

"MY DEAR POLLY:

"I hope you won't be angry with me for writing to you. I am here in the midst of the turmoil of a contested election, and I cannot refrain from writing to tell you about it. Out of a full heart, they say, the mouth speaks, and out of a very full heart I am speaking to you with my pen. The honorable prospect of having a seat in the British House of Parliament, which I regard as the highest dignity that a Briton can enjoy, is very much to me, and fills my mind, and my heart, and my soul; but it all is not so much to me as your love, if only I could win that seat. If I could sit there, in your heart, and be chosen by you, not for a short seven years, but for life, I should be prouder and happier of that honor than of any other. It ought not, perhaps, to be so; but it is. I have to speak here to the people very often; but I never open my mouth without thinking that if I had you to hear me I could speak with more energy and spirit. If I could gain your love and the seat for this borough together, I should have done more than than emperor, or conqueror, or high-priest, ever accomplished.

"I don't know whether you understand much about elections. When I first came here, I was joined with a gentleman who was one of the old members; but now I stand alone, because he does not comprehend or sympathize with the advanced doctrines which it is my mission to preach to the people. Purity and the Rights of Labor—those are my watchwords. But there are many here who hate the very name of Purity, and who know nothing of the Rights of Labor. Labor, dear Polly, is the salt of the earth; and I hope that some day I may have the privilege of teaching you that it is so. For myself, I do not see why ladies should not understand politics as well as men; and I think that they ought to vote. I hope you think that women ought to have the franchise.

"We are to be nominated on Monday, and the election will take place on Tuesday. I shall be nominated and seconded by two electors who are working-men. I would

sooner have their support than that of the greatest magnate in the land. But your support would be better for me than any thing else in the world. People here, as a rule, are very lukewarm about the ballot, and they seemed to know very little about strikes till I came among them. Without combination and mutual support, the working-people must be ground to powder. If I am sent to Parliament, I shall feel it to be my duty to insist upon this doctrine in season and out of season, whenever I can make my voice heard. But, oh Polly, if I could do it with you for my wife, my voice would be so much louder.

"Pray give my best respects to your father and mother. I am afraid I have not your father's good wishes; but, perhaps, if he saw me filling the honorable position of member of Parliament for Percycross, he might relent. If you would condescend to write me one word in reply, I should be prouder of that than of any thing. I suppose I shall be here till Wednesday morning. If you would say but one kind word to me, I think that it would help me on the great day.

"I am, and ever shall be,

"Your most affectionate admirer,

"ONTARIO MOGGS."

Polly received this on the Monday, the day of the nomination, and, though she did answer it at once, Ontario did not get her reply till the contest was over, and that great day had done its best and its worst for him. But Polly's letter shall be given here. To a well-bred young lady, living in good society, the mixture of politics and love which had filled Ontario's epistle might perhaps have been unacceptable. But Polly thought that the letter was a good letter, and was proud of being so noticed by a young man who was standing for Parliament. She sympathized with his enthusiasm, and thought that she should like to be taught by him that labor was the salt of the earth, if only he were not so awkward and long, and if his hands were habitually a little cleaner. She could not, however, take upon herself to give him any hope in that direction, and therefore confined her answer to the Parliamentary prospects of the hour:

"DEAR MR. MOGGS"—she wrote—"I was very much pleased when I heard that you were going to stand for a member of Parliament, and I wish with all my heart that you may be successful. I shall think it a very great honor, indeed, to know a member of Parliament, as I have known you for nearly all my life. I am sure you will do a great deal of good, and prevent the people from being wicked. As for ladies voting, I don't think I should like that myself, though, if I had twenty votes, I would give them to you—because I have known you so long.

"Father and mother send their respects, and hope you will be successful.

"Yours truly,

"MARYANNE NEEFT.

"Alexandra Cottage, Monday."

When Moggs received this letter he was, not unnaturally, in a state of great agitation

in reference to the contest through which he had just passed; but still he thought very much of it, and put it in his breast, where it would lie near his heart. Ah, if only one word of warmth had been allowed to escape from the writer, how happy could he have been. "Yes," he said, scornfully—"because she has known me all her life!" Nevertheless, the paper which her hand had pressed, and the letters which her fingers had formed, were placed close to his heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MOONBEAM.

RALPH THE HEIR had given his answer, and the thing was settled. He had abandoned his property forever, and was to be put into immediate possession of a large sum of money—of a sum so large, that it would seem at once to make him a rich man. He knew, however, that, if he should spend this money, he would be a pauper for life; and he knew, also, how great was his facility for spending. There might, however, be at least a thousand a year for him and for his heirs after him, and, surely, it ought to be easy for him to live upon a thousand a year.

As he thought of this, he tried to make the best of it. He had, at any rate, rescued himself out of the hands of Neeft, who had become intolerable to him. As for Polly, she had refused him twice. Polly was a very sweet girl, but he could not make it matter of regret to himself that he should have lost Polly. Had Polly been all alone in the world, she would have been well enough—but Polly, with papa and mamma Neeft, must have been a mistake. It was well for him, at any rate, that he was out of that trouble. As regarded the Neefts, it would be simply necessary that he should pay the breeches-maker the money that he owed them, and go no more either to Conduit Street or to Hendon.

And, then, what else should he do—or leave undone? In what other direction should he be active or inactive? He was well aware that hitherto he had utterly wasted his life. Born with glorious prospects, he had now so dissipated them, that there was nothing left to him but a quiet and very unambitious mode of life. Of means he had sufficient, if only he could keep that sufficiency. But he knew himself—he feared that he knew himself too well to trust himself to keep that which he had, unless he altogether changed his manner of living. To be a hybrid at the Moonbeam for life—half hero and half dupe, among grooms and stable-keepers, was not satisfactory to him. He could see and could appreciate better things, and could long for them; but he could not attain to any thing better unless he were to alter altogether his mode of life. Would it not be well for him to get a wife? He was rid of Polly, who had been an incubus to him, and now he could choose for himself.

He wrote to his brother Gregory, telling his brother what he had done. The writing

of letters was ever a trouble to him, and on this occasion he told his tidings in a line or two:

"DEAR GREG: I have accepted my uncle's offer. It was better so. When I wrote to you before, things were different. I need not tell you that my heart is sore for the old place. Had I stuck to it, however, I should have beggared you and disgraced myself.

"Yours affectionately,
"R. N."

That was all. What more was to be said which, in the saying, could be serviceable to any one? The dear old place! He would never see it again. Nothing on earth should induce him to go there, now that it could under no circumstances be his own. It would still belong to a Newton, and he would try and take comfort in that. He might, at any rate, have done worse with it. He might have squandered his interest among the Jews, and so have treated his inheritance that it must have been sold among strangers.

He was very low in spirits for two or three days, thinking of all this. He had been with his lawyer, and his lawyer had told him that it must yet be some weeks before the sale would be perfected. "Now that it is done, the sooner the better," said Ralph. The lawyer told him that, if he absolutely wanted ready money for his present needs, he could have it; but that otherwise it would be better for him to wait patiently—say for a month. He was not absolutely in want of money, having still funds which had been supplied to him by the breeches-maker. But he could not remain in town. Were he to remain in town, Neeft would be upon him; and, in truth, though he was quite clear in his conscience in regard to Polly, he did not wish to have to explain personally to Mr. Neeft that he had sold his interest in Newton Priory. The moment the money was in his hands, he would pay Mr. Neeft; and then—; why then he thought that he would be entitled to have Mr. Neeft told that he was not at home, should Mr. Neeft trouble him again.

He would marry and live somewhere very quietly; perhaps take a small farm and keep one hunter. His means would be sufficient for that, even with a wife and family. Yes; that would be the kind of life most suited for him. He would make a great change. He would be simple in his habits, domestic, and extravagant in nothing. To hunt once a week from his own little country house would be delightful. Who should be the mistress of that home? That, of all questions, was now the most important.

The reader may remember a certain trifling incident, which took place some three or four months since on the lawn at Popham Villa. It was an incident which Clary Underwood had certainly never forgotten. It is hardly too much to say that she thought of it every hour. She thought of it as a great sin; but as a sin which had been forgiven, and, though a grievous sin, as strong evidence of that which was not sinful, and which, if true,

would be so full of joy. Clary had never forgotten this incident; but Ralph had forgotten it nearly altogether. That he had accompanied the incident by any assurance of his love, by any mention of love intended to mean any thing, he was altogether unaware. He would have been ready to swear that he had never so committed himself. Little, tender passages, of course, there had been. Such are common—so he thought—when young ladies and young gentlemen know each other well, and are fond of each other's company. But that he owed himself to Clarissa Underwood, and that he would sin grievously against her, should he give himself to another, he had no idea. It merely occurred to him that there might be some slight preparatory embarrassment, were he to offer his hand to Mary Bonner. Yet, he thought that, of all the girls in the world, Mary Bonner was the one to whom he would best like to offer it. It might, indeed, be possible for him to marry some young woman with money; but, in his present frame of mind, he was opposed to any such effort. Hitherto things with him had been all worldly, empty, useless, and at the same time distasteful. He was to have married Polly Neeft for her money, and he had been wretched ever since he had entertained the idea. Love and a cottage were, he knew, things incompatible; but the love and the cottage, implied in those words, were synonymous with absolute poverty. Love, with thirty thousand pounds, even though it should have a cottage joined with it, need not be a poverty-stricken love. He was sick of the world—of the world such as he had made it for himself, and he would see if he could not do something better. He would first get Mary Bonner, and then he would get the farm. He was so much delighted with the scheme which he thus made for himself, that he went to his club and dined there pleasantly, allowing himself a bottle of champagne as a sort of reward for having made up his mind to so much virtue. He met a friend or two, and spent a pleasant evening, and, as he walked home to his lodgings in the evening, was quite in love with his prospects. It was well for him to have rid himself of the burden of an inheritance which might perhaps not have been his for the next five-and-twenty years. As he undressed himself, he considered whether it would be well for him at once to throw himself at Mary Bonner's feet. There were two reasons for not doing this quite immediately. He had been told by his lawyer that he ought to wait for some form of assent or agreement from the squire, before he took any important step as consequent upon the new arrangement in regard to the property, and then Sir Thomas was still among the electors at Percycross. He wished to do every thing that was proper, and would wait for the return of Sir Thomas. But he must do something at once. To remain in his lodgings and at his club, was not in accord with that better path in life which he had chalked out for himself.

Of course, he must go down to the Moonbeam. He had four horses there, and must

sell at least three of them. One hunter he intended to allow himself. There were Brag, Banker, Buff, and Brewer; and he thought that he would keep Brag. Brag was only six years old, and might last him for the next seven years. In the mean time he could see a little cub-hunting, and live at the Moonbeam for a week, at any rate, as cheaply as he could in London. So he went down to the Moonbeam, and put himself under the charge of Mr. Horsball.

And here he found himself in luck. Lieutenant Cox was there, and with the lieutenant a certain Fred Pepper, who hunted habitually with the B and B. Lieutenant Cox had soon told his little tale. He had sold out, and had promised his family that he would go to Australia. But he intended to "take one more winter out of himself," as he phrased it. He had made a bargain to that effect with his governor. His debts had been paid, his commission had been sold, and he was to be shipped for Queensland. But he was to have one more winter with the B and B. An open, good-humored, shrewd youth was Lieutenant Cox, who suffered nothing from false shame, and was intelligent enough to know that life, at the rate of twelve hundred pounds a year, with four hundred pounds to spend, must come to an end. Fred Pepper was a young man of about forty-five, who had hunted with the B and B, and lived at the Moonbeam from a time beyond which the memory of Mr. Horsball's present customers went not. He was the father of the Moonbeam, Mr. Horsball himself having come there since the days in which Fred Pepper first became familiar with its loose boxes. No one knew how he lived, or how he got his horses. He had, however, a very pretty knack of selling them, and certainly paid Mr. Horsball regularly. He was wont to vanish in April, and would always turn up again in October. Some people called him the dormouse. He was good-humored, good-looking after a horsey fashion, clever, agreeable, and quite willing to submit himself to any nickname that could be found him. He liked a rubber of whist, and was supposed to make something out of bets with bad players. He rode very carefully, and was altogether averse to ostentation and bluster in the field. But he could make a horse do any thing when he wanted to sell him, and could, on an occasion, give a lead as well as any man. Everybody liked him, and various things were constantly said in his praise. He was never known to borrow a sovereign. He had been known to lend a horse. He did not drink. He was a very safe man in the field. He did not lie outrageously in selling his horses. He did not cheat at cards. As long as he had a drop of drink left in his flask, he would share it with any friend. He never boasted. He was much given to chaff, but his chaff was good-humored. He was generous with his cigars. Such were his virtues. That he had no adequate means of his own, and that he never earned a penny, that he lived chiefly by gambling, that he had no pursuit in life but pleasure, that he never went inside a church, that he never gave away a

shilling, that he was of no use to any human being—and that no one could believe a word he said of himself—these were specks upon his character. Taken as a whole, Fred Pepper was certainly very popular with the gentlemen and ladies of the B and B.

Ralph Newton, when he dropped down upon the Moonbeam, was made loudly welcome. Mr. Horsball, whose bill for five hundred pounds had been honored at its first day of maturity, not a little, perhaps, to his own surprise, treated Ralph almost as a hero. When Ralph made some reference to the remainder of the money due, Mr. Horsball expressed himself as quite shocked at the allusion. He had really had the greatest regret in asking Mr. Newton for his note-of-hand, and would not have done it, had not an unforeseen circumstance called upon him suddenly to make up a few thousands. He had felt very much obliged to Mr. Newton for his prompt kindness. There needn't be a word about the remainder, and, if Mr. Newton wanted something specially good for the next season—as of course he would—Mr. Horsball had just the horse that would suit him.

"You'll about want a couple more, Mr. Newton," said Mr. Horsball.

Then Ralph told something of his plans to this master of the studs—something, but not much. He said nothing of the sale of his property, and nothing quite definite as to that one horse with which his hunting was to be done for the future.

"I am going to turn over a new leaf, Horsball," he said.

"Not going to be spliced, squire?"

"Well, I can't say that I am, but I won't say that I ain't. But I'm certainly going to make a change which will take me away from your fatherly care."

"I'm sorry for that, squire. We think we've always taken great care of you here."

"The very best in the world; but a man must settle down in the world some day, you know. I want a nice bit of land, a hundred and fifty acres, or something of that sort."

"To purchase, squire?"

"I don't care whether I buy it or take it on lease. But it mustn't be in this country. I am too well known here, and should always want to be out when I ought to be looking after the stock."

"You'll take the season out of yourself first, at any rate?" said Mr. Horsball.

Ralph shook his head, but Mr. Horsball felt nearly sure of his customer for the ensuing winter. It is not easy for a man to part with four horses, seven or eight saddles, an establishment of bridles, horse-sheets, spurs, rollers, and bandages, a pet groom, a roomful of top-boots, and leather breeches beyond the power of counting. This is a wealth which it is easy to increase, but of which it is very difficult to get quit.

"I think I shall sell," said Ralph.

"We'll talk about that in April," said Mr. Horsball.

He went out cub-hunting three or four times, and spent the intermediate days play-

ing dummy-whist with Fred Pepper and Cox, who was no longer a lieutenant. Ralph felt that this was not the sort of beginning for his better life which would have been most appropriate; but then he hardly had an opportunity of beginning that better life quite at once. He must wait till something more definite had been done about the property—and, above all things, till Sir Thomas should be back from canvassing. He did, however, so far begin his better life as to declare that the points at whist must be low—shilling points, with half a crown on the rubber.

"Quite enough for this kind of thing," said Fred Pepper. "We only want just something to do."

And Ralph, when at the end of the week he had lost only a matter of fifteen pounds, congratulated himself on having begun his better life. Cox and Fred Pepper, who divided the trifle between them, laughed at the bagatelle.

But, before he left the Moonbeam, things had assumed a shape which, when looked at all round, was not altogether pleasant to him. Before he had been three days at the place he received a letter from his lawyer, telling him that his uncle had given his formal assent to the purchase, and had offered to pay the stipulated sum as soon as Ralph would be willing to receive it. As to any further sum that might be forthcoming, a valuer should be agreed upon at once. The actual deed of sale and transfer would be ready by the middle of November; and the lawyer advised Ralph to postpone his acceptance of the money till that deed should have been executed. It was evident from the letter that there was no need on his part to hurry back to town. This letter he found waiting for him on his return one day from hunting. There had been a pretty run, very fast, with a kill, as there will be sometimes in cub-hunting in October—though, as a rule, of all sports, cub-hunting is the sorriest. Ralph had ridden his favorite horse Brag, and Mr. Pepper had taken out—just to try him—a little animal of his that he had bought, as he said, quite at hap-hazard. He knew nothing about him, and was rather afraid that he had been done. But the little horse seemed to have a dash of pace about him, and in the evening there was some talk of the animal. Fred Pepper thought that the little horse was faster than Brag. Fred Pepper never praised his own horses loudly; and, when Brag's merits were chanted, said that perhaps Ralph was right. Would Ralph throw his leg over the little horse on Friday and try him?

On the Friday Ralph did throw his leg over the little horse, and there was another burst. Ralph was obliged to confess, as they came home together in the afternoon, that he had never been better carried.

"I can see what he is now," said Fred Pepper; "he is one of those little horses that one don't get every day. He's up to a stone over my weight, too."

Now Ralph and Fred Pepper each rode thirteen stone and a half.

On that day they dined together, and there was much talk as to the future prospects of

the men. Not that Fred Pepper said any thing of his future prospects. No one ever presumed him to have a prospect, or suggested to him to look for one. But Cox had been very communicative and confidential, and Ralph had been prompted to say something of himself. Fred Pepper, though he had no future of his own, could be pleasantly interested about the future of another, and had quite agreed with Ralph that he ought to settle himself. The only difficulty was in deciding the when. Cox intended to settle himself, too, but Cox was quite clear as to the wisdom of taking another season out of himself. He was prepared to prove that it would be sheer waste of time and money not to do so.

"Here I am," said Cox, "and a fellow always saves money by staying where he is."

There was a sparkle of truth in this, which Ralph Newton found himself unable to deny.

"You'll never have another chance," said Pepper.

"That's another thing," said Cox. "Of course I sha'n't. I've turned it round every side, and I know what I'm about. As for horses, I believe they sell better in April than they do in October. Men know what they are then."

Fred Pepper would not exactly back this opinion, but he ventured to suggest that there was not so much difference as some men supposed.

"If you are to jump into the cold water," said Ralph, "you'd better take the plunge at once."

"I'd sooner do it in summer than winter," said Fred Pepper.

"Of course," said Cox. "If you must give up hunting, do it at the end of the season, not at the beginning. There's a time for all things.—Ring the bell, Dormouse, and we'll have another bottle of claret before we go to dummy."

"If I stay here for the winter," said Ralph, "I should want another horse. Though I might, perhaps, get through with four."

"Of course you might," said Pepper, who never spoiled his own market by pressing.

"I'd rather give up altogether than do it in a scratch way," said Ralph. "I've got into a fashion of having a second horse, and I like it."

"It's the greatest luxury in the world," said Cox.

"I never tried it," said Pepper; "I'm only too happy to get one."

It was admitted by all men that Fred Pepper had the art of riding his horses without tiring them.

They played their rubber of whist, and had a little hot whiskey-and-water. On this evening Mr. Horsball was admitted to their company, and made a fourth. But he wouldn't bet. Shilling points, he said, were quite as much as he could afford. Through the whole evening they went on talking of the next season, of the absolute folly of giving up one thing before another was begun, and of the merits of Fred Pepper's little horse.

"A clever little animal, Mr. Pepper," said

the great man, "a very clever little animal; but I wish you wouldn't bring so many clever uns down here, Mr. Pepper."

"Why not, Horsball?" asked Cox.

"Because he interferes with my trade," said Mr. Horsball, laughing.

It was supposed, nevertheless, that Mr. Horsball and Mr. Pepper quite understood each other. Before the evening was over, a price had been fixed, and Ralph had bought the little horse for one hundred and thirty pounds. Why shouldn't he take another winter out of himself? He could not marry Mary Bonner and get into a farm all in a day—nor yet all in a month. He would go to work honestly with the view of settling himself; but, let him be as honest about it as he might, his winter's hunting would not interfere with him. So at last he assured himself. And then he had another argument strong in his favor. He might hunt all the winter and yet have this thirty thousand pounds—nay, more than thirty thousand pounds at the end of it. In fact, imprudent and foolish as had been his hunting in all previous winters, there would not even be any imprudence in this winter's hunting. Fortified by all these unanswerable arguments, he did buy Mr. Fred Pepper's little horse.

On the next morning, the morning of the day on which he was to return to town, the arguments did not seem to be so irresistible, and he almost regretted what he had done. It was not that he would be ruined by another six-months' fling at life. Situated as he now was, so much might be allowed to him almost without injury. But then how can a man trust in his own resolutions before he has begun to keep them—when, at the very moment of beginning, he throws them to the winds for the present, postponing every thing for another hour? He knew, as well as any one could tell him, that he was proving himself to be unfit for that new life which he was proposing to himself. When one man is wise and another foolish, the foolish man knows generally as well as does the wise man in what lies wisdom and in what folly. And the temptation often is very slight. Ralph Newton had hardly wished to buy Mr. Pepper's little horse. The balance of desire during the whole evening had lain altogether on the other side. But there had come a moment in which he had yielded, and that moment governed all the other minutes. We may almost say that a man is only as strong as his weakest moment.

But he returned to London very strong in his purpose. He would keep his establishment at the Moonbeam for this winter. He had it all laid out and planned in his mind. He would at once pay Mr. Horsball the balance of the old debt, and count on the value of his horses to defray the expense of the coming season. And he would, without a week's delay, make his offer to Mary Bonner. A dim idea of some feeling of disappointment on Clary's part did cross his brain—a feeling which seemed to threaten some slight discomfort to himself as resulting from want of

sympathy on her part; but he must assume sufficient courage to brave this. That he would in any degree be an evil-doer toward Clary—that did not occur to him. Nor did it occur to him as at all probable that Mary Bonner would refuse his offer. In these days men never expect to be refused. It has gone forth among young men as a doctrine worthy of perfect faith; that young ladies are all wanting to get married—looking out for lovers with an absorbing anxiety, and that few can dare to refuse any man who is justified in proposing to them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NEW HEIR COUNTS HIS CHICKENS.

THE squire was almost lost in joy when he received his son's letter, telling him that Ralph the Heir had consented to sell every thing. The one great wish of his life was to be accomplished at last! The property was to be his own, so that he might do what he liked with it, so that he might leave it entire to his own son, so that for the remainder of his life he might enjoy it in that community with his son which had always appeared to him to be the very summit of human bliss. From the sweet things which he had seen he had been hitherto cut off by the record of his own fault, and had spent the greater part of his life in the endurance of a bitter punishment. He had been torn to pieces, too, in contemplating the modes of escape from the position in which his father's very natural will had placed him. He might, of course, have married, and at least have expected and have hoped for children. But in that there would have been misery. His son was the one human being that was dear to him above all others, and by such a marriage he would have ruined his son. Early in life, comparatively early, he had made up his mind that he would not do that—that he would save his money, and make a property for the boy he loved. But then it had come home to him as a fact, that he could be happy in preparing no other home for his son than this old family house of his, with all its acres, woods, and homesteads. The acres, woods, and homesteads, gave to him no delight, feeling as he did every hour of his life that they were not his for the purposes of a real usufruct. Then by degrees he had heard of his nephew's follies, and the idea had come upon him that he might buy his nephew out. Ralph, his own Ralph, had told him that the idea was cruel; but he could not see the cruelty. "What a bad man loses a good man will get," he said; "and surely it must be better for all those who are to live by the property that a good man should be the master of it." He would not interfere, nor would he have any power of interfering, till others would interfere were he to keep aloof. The doings would be the doings of that spendthrift heir, and none of his. When Ralph would tell him that he was cruel, he would turn away in wrath; but hiding his wrath, because he loved

his son. But now every thing was set right, and his son had had the doing of it.

He was nearly mad with joy throughout that day as he thought of the great thing which he had accomplished. He was alone in the house, for his son was still in London, and during the last few months guests had been unfrequent at the Priory. But he did not wish to have anybody with him now. He went out, roaming through the park, and realizing to himself the fact that now, at length, the very trees were his own. He gazed at one farm-house after another, not seeking the tenants, hardly speaking to them if he met them, but with his brain full of plans of what should be done. He saw Gregory for a moment, but only nodded at him smiling, and passed on. He was not in a humor just at present to tell his happiness to any one. He walked all round Darvell's premises, the desolate, half-ruined house of Brumby's, telling himself that very shortly it should be desolate and half-ruined no longer. Then he crossed into the lane, and stood with his eyes fixed upon Brownriggs—Walter's farm, the pearl of all the farms in those parts, the land with which he thought he could have parted so easily when the question before him was that of becoming in truth the owner of any portion of the estate. But now, every acre was ten times dearer to him than it had been then. He would never part with Brownriggs. He would even save Ingram's farm in Twining if it might possibly be saved. He had not known before how dear to him could be every bank, every tree, every sod. Yes—now in very truth he was lord and master of the property which had belonged to his father, and his father's fathers before him. He would borrow money, and save it during his lifetime. He would do any thing rather than part with an acre of it, now that the acres were his own to leave behind him to his son.

On the following day Ralph arrived. He must no longer call him Ralph who was not the heir. He would be heir to every thing from the day that the contract was completed! The squire, though he longed to see the young man as he had never longed before, would not go to the station to meet the welcome one. His irrepressible joy was too great to be exhibited before strangers. He remained at home, in his own room, desiring that Mr. Ralph might come to him there. He would not even show himself in the hall. And yet, when Ralph entered the room, he was very calm. There was a bright light in his eyes; but at first he spoke hardly a word.

"So you've managed that little job?" he said, as he took his son's hand.

"I managed nothing, sir," said Ralph, smiling.

"Didn't you? I thought you had managed a good deal. It is done, anyway."

"Yes, sir, it's done. At least, I suppose so."

Ralph, after sending his telegram, had, of course, written to his father, giving him full particulars of the manner in which the arrangement had been made.

"You don't mean that there is any

doubt?" said the squire, with almost an anxious tone.

"Not at all, as far as I know. The lawyers seem to think that it is all right. Ralph is quite in earnest."

"He must be in earnest," said the squire.

"He has behaved uncommonly well," said the namesake. "So well that I think you owe him much. We were quite mistaken in supposing that he wanted to drive a sharp bargain."

He himself had never so supposed; but he found this to be the best way of speaking of that matter to his father.

"I will forgive him every thing now," said the squire, "and will do any thing that I can to help him."

Ralph said many things in praise of his namesake. He still almost regretted what had been done. At any rate, he could see the pity of it. It was that other Ralph who should have been looked to as the future proprietor of Newton Priory, and not he, who was hardly entitled to call himself a Newton. It would have been more consistent with the English order of things that it should be so. And then there was so much to say in favor of this young man, who had lost it all, and so little to say against him! And it almost seemed to him, for whose sake the purchase was being made, that advantage—an unscrupulous if not an unfair advantage—was being taken of the purchaser. He could not say all this to his father; but he spoke of Ralph in such a way as to make his father understand what he thought.

"He is such a pleasant fellow!" said Ralph, who was now the heir.

"Let us have him down here as soon as the thing is settled."

"Ah! I don't think he'll come now. Of course, he is wretched enough about it. It is not wonderful that he should have hesitated at parting with it."

"Perhaps not," said the squire, who was willing to forgive past sins; "but, of course, there was no help for it."

"That was what he didn't feel so sure about when he declined your first offer. It was not that he objected to the price. As to the price, he says that of course he can say nothing about it. When I told him that you were willing to raise your offer, he declared that he would take nothing in that fashion. If those who understood the matter said that more was coming to him, he supposed that he would get it. According to my ideas, he behaved very well, sir."

In this there was something that almost amounted to an accusation against the squire. At least, so the squire felt it; and the feeling for the moment robbed him of something of his triumph. According to his own view, there was no need for pity. It was plain that to his son the whole affair was pitiful. But he could not scold his son—at any rate, not now.

"I feel this, Ralph," he said—"that from this moment everybody connected with the property, every tenant on it and every laborer, will be better off than they were a

month ago. I may have been to blame. I say nothing about that. But I do say that in all cases it is well that a property should go to the natural heir of the life-tenant. Of course, it has been my fault," he added, after a pause; "but I do feel now that I have in a great measure remedied the evil which I did."

The tone now had become too serious to admit of further argument. Ralph, feeling that this was so, pressed his father's hand, and then left him.

"Gregory is coming across to dinner," said the squire, as Ralph was closing the door behind him.

At that time Gregory had received no intimation of what had been done in London, his brother's note not reaching him till the following morning. Ralph met him before the squire came down, and the news was soon told. "It is all settled," said Ralph, with a sigh.

"Well?"

"Your brother has agreed to sell."

"No!"

"I have almost more pain than pleasure in it myself, because I know it will make you unhappy."

"He was so confident when he wrote to me!"

"Yes—but he explained all that. He had hoped then that he could have saved it. But the manner of saving it would have been worse than the loss. He will tell you every thing, no doubt. No man could have behaved better." As it happened, there was still some little space of time before the squire joined them—a period perhaps of five minutes. But the parson spoke hardly a word. The news which he now heard confounded him. He had been quite sure that his brother had been in earnest, and that his uncle would fail. And then, though he loved the one Ralph nearly as well as he did the other—though he must have known that Ralph the base-born was in all respects a better man than his own brother, more of a man than the legitimate heir—still to his feelings that legitimacy was every thing. He too was a Newton of Newton; but it may be truly said of him that there was nothing selfish in his feelings. To be the younger brother of Newton of Newton, and parson of the parish which bore the same name as themselves, was sufficient for his ambition. But things would be terribly astray now that the right heir was extruded. Ralph, this Ralph whom he loved so well, could not be the right Newton to own the property. The world would not so regard him. The tenants would not so think of him. The county would not so repute him. To the thinking of parson Gregory, a great misfortune had been consummated. As soon as he had realized it, he was silent and could speak no more.

Nor did Ralph say a word. Not to triumph in what had been done on his behalf—or at least not to seem to triumph—that was the lesson which he had taught himself. He fully sympathized with Gregory; and

therefore he stood silent and sad by his side. That there must have been some triumph in his heart it is impossible not to imagine. It could not be but that he should be alive to the glory of being the undoubted heir to Newton Priory. And he understood well that his birth would interfere but little now with his position. Should he choose to marry, as he would choose, it would of course be necessary that he should explain his birth; but it was not likely, he thought, that he should seek a wife among those who would reject him, with all his other advantages, because he had no just title to his father's name. That he should take joy in what had been done on his behalf was only natural; but as he stood with Gregory, waiting for his father to come to them, he showed no sign of joy. At last the squire came. There certainly was triumph in his eye, but he did not speak triumphantly. It was impossible that some word should not be spoken between them as to the disposition of the property. "I suppose Ralph has told you," he said, "what he has done up in London."

"Yes—he has told me," said Gregory.

"I hope there will now be an end of all family ill-feeling among us," said the uncle. "Your brother shall be as welcome at the old place as I trust you have always found yourself. If he likes to bring his horses here, we shall be delighted."

The parson muttered something as to the kindness with which he had ever been treated, but what he said was said with an ill grace. He was almost broken-hearted, and thoroughly wished himself back in his own solitude. The squire saw it all, and did not press him to talk—said not a word more of his purchase, and tried to create some little interest about parish matters—asked after the new building in the chancel, and was gracious about this old man and that young woman. But Gregory could not recover himself—could not recall his old interests, or so far act a part as to make it seem that he was not thinking of the misfortune which had fallen upon the family. In every look of his eyes and every tone of his voice he was telling the son that he was a bastard, and the father that he was destroying the inheritance of the family. But yet they bore with him, and endeavored to win him back to pleasantness. Soon after the cloth was taken away he took his leave. He had work to do at home, he said, and must go. His uncle went out with him into the hall, leaving Ralph alone in the parlor. "It will be for the best in the long-run," said the squire, with his hand on his nephew's shoulder.

"Perhaps it may, sir. I am not pretending to say. Good-night." As he walked home across the park, through the old trees which he had known since he was an infant, he told himself that it could not be for the best that the property should be sent adrift, out of the proper line. The only thing to be desired now was that neither he nor his brother should have a child, and that there should no longer be a proper line.

The squire's joy was too deep and well-founded to be in any way damped by poor Gregory's ill-humor, and was too closely present to him for him to be capable of restraining it. Why should he restrain himself before his son?

"I am sorry for Greg," he said, "because he has old-fashioned ideas. But, of course, it will be for the best. His brother would have squandered every acre of it."

To this Ralph made no answer. It might probably have been as his father said. It was perhaps best for all who lived in and by the estate that he should be the heir. And gradually the feeling of exultation in his own position was growing upon him. It was natural that it should do so. He knew himself to be capable of filling with credit, and with advantage to all around him, the great place which was now assigned to him, and it was impossible that he should not be exultant. And he owed it to his father to show him that he appreciated all that had been done for him.

"I think he ought to have the thirty-five thousand pounds at least," said the squire.

"Certainly," said Ralph.

"I think so. As for the bulk sum, I have already written to Carey about that. No time ought to be lost. There is no knowing what might happen. He might die."

"He doesn't look like dying, sir."

"He might break his neck out hunting. There is no knowing. At any rate, there should be no delay. From what I am told, I don't think that, with the timber and all, they'll make it come to another five thousand pounds; but he shall have that. As he has behaved well, I'll show him that I can behave well, too. I've half a mind to go up to London, and stay till it's all through."

"You'd only worry yourself."

"I should worry myself, no doubt. And, do you know, I love the place so much better than I did, that I can hardly bear to tear myself away from it. The first mark of my handiwork, now that I can work, shall be put upon Darvell's farm. I'll have the old place about his ears before I am a day older."

"You'll not get it through before winter."

"Yes, I will. If it costs me an extra fifty pounds I sha'n't begrudge it. It shall be a sort of memorial building, a farm-house of thanksgiving. I'll make it as snug a place as there is about the property. It has made me wretched for these two years."

"I hope all that kind of wretchedness will be over now."

"Thank God! yes. I was looking at Brownrigg's to-day—and Ingram's. I don't think we'll sell either. I have a plan, and I think we can pull through without it. It is so much easier to sell than to buy."

"You'd be more comfortable if you sold one of them."

"Of course I must borrow a few thousands; but, why not? I doubt whether at this moment there's a property in all Hampshire so free as this. I have always lived on less than the income, and I can continue to do so easier than before. You are provided for now, old fellow."

"Yes, indeed; and why should you pinch yourself?"

"I sha'n't be pinched. I haven't got a score of women about me, as you'll have before long. There's nothing in the world like having a wife. I am quite sure of that. But, if you want to save money, the way to do it is not to have a nursery. You'll marry, of course, now."

"I suppose I shall some day."

"The sooner the better. Take my word for it."

"Perhaps you'd alter your opinion if I came upon you before Christmas for your sanction."

"No, by Jove; that I shouldn't. I should be delighted. You don't mean to say you've got anybody in your eye. There's only one thing I ask, Ralph—open out-and-out confidence."

"You shall have it, sir."

"There is somebody, then?"

"Well, no; there isn't anybody. It would be impudence in me to say there was."

"Then I know there is."

Upon this encouragement Ralph told his father that on his two last visits to London he had seen a girl whom he thought that he would like to ask to be his wife. He had been at Fulham on three or four occasions—it was so he put it, but his visits had, in truth, been only three—and he thought that this niece of Sir Thomas Underwood possessed every charm that a woman need possess—"except money," said Ralph. "She has no fortune, if you care about that."

"I don't care about money," said the squire. "It is for the man to have that; at any rate, for one so circumstanced as you."

The end of all this was that Ralph was authorized to please himself. If he really felt that he liked Miss Bonner well enough, he might ask her to be his wife to-morrow."

"The difficulty is to get at her," said Ralph.

"Ask the uncle for his permission. That's the manliest and the fittest way to do it. Tell him every thing. Take my word for it, he won't turn his face against you. As for me, nothing on earth would make me so happy as to see your children. If there were a dozen, I would not think them one too many. But mark you this, Ralph; it will be easier for us—for you and me, if I live—and for you without me, if I go, to make all things clear and square and free while the bairns are little, than when they have to go to school and college, or perhaps want to get married."

"Ain't we counting our chickens before they are hatched?" said Ralph, laughing.

When they parted for the night, which they did not do till after the squire had slept for an hour on his chair, there was one other speech made—a speech which Ralph was likely to remember to the latest day of his life. His father had taken his candlestick in his right hand, and had laid his left upon his son's collar.

"Ralph," said he, "for the first time in my life I can look you in the face, and not

feel a pang of remorse. You will understand it when you have a son of your own. Good-night, my boy!"

Then he hurried off, without waiting to hear a word, if there was any word that Ralph could have spoken.

On the next morning they were both out early at Darvell's farm, surrounded by bricklayers and carpenters, and before the week was over the work was in progress. Poor Darvell, half elated and half troubled, knew but little of the cause of this new vehemence. Something, we suppose, he did know, for the news was soon spread over the estate that the squire had bought out Mr. Ralph, and that this other Mr. Ralph was now to be Mr. Ralph the Heir. That the old butler should not be told—the butler who had lived in the house when the present squire was a boy—was out of the question; and, though the communication had been made in confidence, the confidence was not hermetical. The squire, after all, was glad that it should be so. The thing had to be made known—and why not after this fashion? Among the laborers and poor, there was no doubt as to the joy felt. That other Mr. Ralph, who had always been up in town, was unknown to them, and this Mr. Ralph had ever been popular with them all. With the tenants, the feeling was perhaps more doubtful.

"I wish you joy, Mr. Newton, with all my heart," said Mr. Walker, who was the richest and the most intelligent among them. "The squire has worked for you like a man, and I hope it will come to good."

"I will do my best," said Ralph.

"I am sure you will. There will be a feeling, you know. You mustn't be angry at that."

"I understand," said Ralph.

"You won't be vexed with me for just saying so?"

Ralph promised that he would not be vexed; but he thought very much of what Mr. Walker had said to him. After all, such a property as Newton does not in England belong altogether to the owner of it. Those who live upon it, and are closely concerned in it with reference to all that they have in the world, have a part property in it. They make it what it is, and will not make it what it should be, unless in their hearts they are proud of it. "You know he can't be the real squire," said one old farmer to Mr. Walker. "They may huggermugger it this way and that; but this Mr. Ralph can't be like t'other young gentleman."

Nevertheless, the squire himself was very happy. These things were not said to him, and he had been successful. He took an interest in all things keener than he had felt for years past. One day he was in the stables with his son, and spoke about the hunting for the coming season. He had an Irish horse of which he was proud, an old hunter that had carried him for the last seven years, and of which he had often declared that under no consideration would he part with it. "Dear old fellow," he said, putting his hand on the animal's neck, "you shall work for your bread one other winter, and then you shall give over for the rest of your life."

"I never saw him look better," said Ralph.

"He's like his master—not quite so young as he was once. He never made a mistake yet that I know of."

Ralph, when he saw how full of joy was his father, could not but rejoice also that the thing so ardently desired had been at last accomplished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]